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THE PRIVATE OPINIONS OF
A BRITISH BLUE-JACKET





THE
PRIVATE OPINIONS
OF A
BRITISH BLUE-JACKET

EDITED BY
HAMISH MACLAREN



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INTRODUCTION

SOME explanation of how these, to say the least, unusual journals come to be published is, I think, owing not only to the reader but to the diarist, William P. Taplow himself; for seldom, if ever (one may suppose, without having an extensive knowledge of confessional literature), has a book of such a personal and intimate kind been given to the world during its writer's lifetime. Not, I believe, that Mr. Taplow has any very definite feelings on the matter: he has lately disappeared, as seamen of no fixed abode must be expected to do from time to time; and it is his good fortune, in any case, to be quite unaware of the meaning of literary self-consciousness. Nevertheless, one cannot get away from the fact that there *is* a responsibility for publication, and this I,

as editor of the journals, feel bound to accept, with its peculiar obligations both to the author and to his readers.

Mr. Taplow's integrity as a diarist writing exclusively for his own satisfaction will hardly be questioned ; and this being so, the reader is obviously entitled to know why any one else should have been permitted to see the books in the first place. Well, let me confess at once that I am guilty of a kind of bribery. I mentioned money—in fact, I threw out one or two suggestions such as a person in Mr. Taplow's position could scarcely afford to ignore ; and for that matter, why should any writer, however situated, ignore the suggestion that he should try to earn money by his work ? Intimate as the journals are, there is nothing in them of which an honest writer need be ashamed ; and if Mr. Taplow should ever read his work in print, which is highly unlikely, I hope he will be assured of that. I say this especially as he was a little dubious on the subject's first being broached.

I first discovered Mr. Taplow as a diarist when he was an Ordinary Seaman, and I an equally insignificant unit, in the war-time Grand Fleet, and it is from his having begun his sea-career in this capacity that the book takes its title, *The Private Opinions of a British Blue-jacket*: though I was then scarcely interested enough in literature to be more than mildly surprised at such a curiosity—for curiosity it certainly was. I remember his referring to his journal to prove to me during a kit-inspection that his shore-going boots had only a few days previously been stolen and that he was not therefore guilty of neglecting to provide himself with a full Service equipment. The entry was unforgettable: “my boots stoled today, i should like to know what Scumb have got them.” We had several most entertaining night-watch conversations after this, and I grew to respect Mr. Taplow as a man of fluent speech and an individualist; but it was not until some ten or eleven years later, when we met by chance in a Portsmouth

street, that it occurred to me that he was really unique in another way. Mr. Taplow was then an able-bodied seaman of several years' standing in the Merchant Service, whilst I had lately transferred my main interest in life from the sea to literature. We naturally had what Mr. Taplow calls "a lap" together, in the course of which I inquired about the writing : with the result that, as I have said, the diarist a little diffidently consented to let me look at his three latest "private log-books"—all the others unfortunately having been lost or destroyed. Incidentally, Mr. Taplow confessed to being absolutely on his beam-ends at the moment, which, I take it, was distinctly in my favour. I was given permission to publish on a certain financial agreement having been reached ; and I have not seen my old shipmate since.

Of the journals themselves I need say little. They tell their own story, which is for the most part, I imagine, perfectly comprehensible even by those far removed socially from the diarist's sphere of life ; and where occasional obscurities

of style occur, I have exercised my privilege as editor, and my assumed right as one better acquainted with the workings of the diarist's mind than the reader is likely to be, in using interpretative footnotes to the text. Two points, however, remain to be noted, the one having reference to the extreme individuality of spelling and punctuation, and the other, to the apparently blasphemous use of sacred names. As to the spelling, nothing would have been simpler than to have standardised it throughout or, at any rate, to have revised it with a view to making the reading of the journals as facile and rapid as that, say, of the average sex-problem novel; and it is not to be denied that a little concentration is required of the reader for the full comprehension of certain passages as they are. But after a few pages one finds oneself as it were sympathising with Mr. Taplow's use of the alphabet rather than being antagonised by it. It is usually worth the trouble of discovering what he means; and personally I should consider it a heinous offence on

the editor's part to alter the spelling of a single word in such a document, seeing that in the last resort an explanatory footnote may always be inserted. I am inclined to think, in parenthesis, that although complete freedom from the ordinary rules of spelling, punctuation, and grammar as demonstrated by the consciously literary modernist youth and maiden commonly leads nowhere but to a remarkable freedom from intelligibility, yet where we have a natural writer of Mr. Taplow's calibre—one who is really free, in that he has no rules to break and is only concerned to express his meaning as best he can—then the result cannot but be refreshing, and the language enriched. Our meek acceptance of a ready-made set of words is, after all, nearly as modern as the petulant and highly conscious revolt against laws merely for the sake of being different : albeit Mr. Taplow is singularly fortunate in being quite unhampered by orthographical tradition—a kind of negative gift of the gods which he shares modestly with Shakespeare among others. I should add,

by the way, with regard to punctuation, that, yielding to the opinion of our publisher, I have inserted a number of extra commas to clarify the sense : though the scarcity of commas nowhere troubled me personally ; and that I have, of course, italicised such passages as the diarist had underlined.

Then, as to the second point, the apparent blasphemy of which I have spoken : I say apparent because the use of sacred names will only be blasphemy to those who choose to think it so. And Mr. Taplow plainly does not—in fact, he uses the words merely as expletives, somehow adding force to his statements, not connecting them with their true meanings even so far as to give them capital letters. I will go so far as to suggest that the word god, for example, as written here, actually is not the same word as God. Indeed I assert as much, since if it were, Mr. Taplow would not be the religious man I know him to be.

I have now only to thank Mr. Taplow himself

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for the complete freedom he has allowed me throughout the editing of his journals, and to wish the reader as much pleasure from their perusal—which should not, I think, be hurried—as I have had myself.

H. M.



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BOOK I

TUESDAY march 8 nineteen 20 seven, This new padge is nise and cleen it is a symbull to make a new year ressilushuon i will do from now On. But i haves one wet you must some times, i am a soaber tipe of humans i am i sware i am but damn it give us a chanse you gets Thurstey. particklarly in hummid climbs, to whit singapore it is perrishing hummid here you carnt drink lemons Aid, but deval damn the stough i loathe it i wouldant drink it any Wheres. well i haves no intentuons to go On with this subjick, but i seen a corpidge come along, natchureally pull Up studdies this corpidge. i do not know Why i gets soe fassinatted by this curuous site i think it is becose it is not my selve in the Cophin. says to your selve thortfull it is mortall clays orl right, leep Up

from dust gorn back into dust same as it ¹ said. namely a moter funeril, gorn about 5 knots & every one look as they was struckque with the pallsies in spight i should of fansied they was fairly aking to of sor the larst of this Cold Corp, come into a hudge leggissy dew to it. damn nashuon ² i am not the tipe as Minse Boans, if they was to arsk me i should be obliged if my loveing unkal would dye Of, i wouldant hurt his feeling for any things not if he had some i wouldant but i should be obliged if he would dye Of. but what a hope but he wouldant bikwith me the monneys if he done it, well christ i do get sickend of these tipes of pursons as Hord Up all this looker nor they carnt bikwith some of it

¹ "It" here would seem to refer to the Bible, to which directly and indirectly Mr. Taplow makes frequent reference.—Ed.

² I may take this earliest opportunity of explaining that quite apart from how Mr. Taplow's spelling may differ from the normal, even then no absolute consistency is to be looked for. For example we find this word (damnation) written throughout the journals in at least four ways: to wit—or to use the diarist's spelling—to whit: damn nashuon, damn natuon, damn nation, damn nashin. But being prepared for this the reader will not be bewildered.—Ed.

to their Loveing Nepphews. Not the hole Bag of Tricks i dont whish to be grarsping but they whont i know they whont, i will get my Head Down i am fairly tyred to a Stror.

wedendsday immurge out of slumbers, dress look in the mirrer thort Not soe Dustey, gorn down haves this Fish for brekfust it were narstey but jimimers this land lady which she is a hauf bread plase this Fish before your Eye. well i thort do be reasonabull i am insindintually at a loss to make out what specuous of Fish this is, as is this makerills cods turbits or vise verser i said. she says do you like it. says to her drat it i arsk you is this mackerills Cods turbits, No she said. arsk well may i arsk why isent it. becose damn it no beet about the bush i were fed Up till your back tuth were awash, tells her this is not the tipe of Fish a purson like or loath but says god have mursey on the sole of the purson as Dish it up. she gorn of in a Hough. i then gorn out seen my old pal kay, he said will you

have a wet taplow. says no i do not some hows think i will i have gorn on the water waggon, which he did not say anything i was surprised. says to my selve god help us trully this is a absint mind Orl Right. says o well i might nearly have a slite wet i carnt afford to give these absint minds a seckind chanse, yes he said it is drye isant it, drops in the caffey haves some bear. have another taplow he said. i humbed and harrd a bit you haves to with some tipes, says well i do onist fansy i could shuve one more Down orl right but damn it there is some things Wrong in regards to old kay. o whont you reelly he said what of a lite larger Tap old Cock i am going to have one my selve. Says yes by christ soe am i which i do not wish to give this informashuons a Thurd Time my hand is so done up i will continew in our next so to say.

i am regular done Up soe humid but i am Orl Right but nearly Done Up christ i carnt go On with this toppick i will stop.

orl right grarnted this lodgeings is fairly com-
fortabull but i do not like this hauf bread land
lady particklar, but i must get a ship without
more adews. to whit the Buggs, alsoe poor old
mar she is struckque with the morgu i should say,
like the mausullumbs.¹ in come a egg. orl
right, says what burd done this fassinatting egg
mother, i am much obliged to this burd o it is a
fassinatting egg i said it sarcasistick. i said would
it be a albuttross but it gorn of her like a ducks
back, No she said it is a hen, she done a smile
but mursye there is a tipe of purson which when
they smiles i should be obliged if they would
onley froun and vise verser but i may say what a
egg. i looks at it i thort god help us trully this
bantumb should of took some enose froot salt
what a dworfish burd they do have a small tipe

¹ This is an instance of that flair for appropriate natural suggestion which would appear to govern much of what Mr. Taplow has to say: thus, the half-breed landlady was possibly pock-marked, suggesting *plague*, then more definitely *morgu* and finally *the mausullumbs* or *mausoleum*. To understand this is to have, as it were, the key of the whole book.—ED.

of Hen out here i will stop it is hummid again.

saterday i am berwilderder i do not know why but some hows this corpidge i seen keeps you awake larst night i couldant sleep, a tipe of insommyer i think, and took Up with particklarly Thortfull Thorts, think to my selve What of life and have a fairly nise time ? damn it no i do not mean low Down i mean nise, simpully fairly nise—well give us a chanse you carnt eggsplain every thing, and keep on the right side of the ark angle before you go to the Toomb. as i know i am orl right but it mightent think so, i Haves one meeger lap but no more Tap old Cock do not have anney more i wharn you, as calls to mind my old par as what a reck dew to this insiduous habbit.

seen old kay haves a good feed of fish. which he says to me hulloh taplow come in the caffey i am not ashamed to be sor in your compannies mursey on Us this did make me smile. as christ

it is more a questuon of vise verser, he is dil-lappiduated to a large extant. but what of it, this tipe of purson is better leaved in a feeling of shere bliss about ther selves but if they was awair of the trooth up they gets & sing out Ar what a unhappey retch i am becose i thort i was specuallly important but vise verser it is a false Hood. which alass alacks To whit mr bottomley. well poor old kay he is on the downwards trackque i like him but he is on it orl right you carnt blame them if they was to say christ clear of or i will not anser for the consiqenses. but haves a good feed. he said where is my perce i believe it is not On me, he said that is seruous. replyes yes so it is, but it is nise of you to give me this feed but poor old kay i notise him Cunjer Up a smile but some hows this tipe of smile whont wring trew, He said loan me some tap old son. says i would of but it is a Narstey Pitty i haves none On me. which that is quear he said surely you do not go about the plase without monney—says not if i had

aney i wouldant. leans back god damnit this mear triphul of monney i haves take it into their head to jingel in this pressisive seckond they *Do* let you Down. but it come orl right, he says to you ar yes i haves just enuff and pay Up well bon swore i feels quite cheerfull i do not know why. but i must clear of quick it is a nise night a lot of stars, as thinks to my selve these stars is curu-ously mysteruous as what goes On up in them. which bon siree wish my selve a nise night get my head Down.

munday my monney will not larst out Very Long damn us this is seruous i am sorrie to hear this. but i gorn in a tempal in the woods prays hopes i may get some Help but i do not know if it will do aney good they do not lissen some times. which turns out to be this buddy a painted gentry quite gold i was not struckque on his fase but i know i shouldant judge by their fase they carnt help it. nor i haves no intentuons to be blasphemuous i am a student of the bible orl

right and no narstey thorts against these forrin poeples as isent. but i sharnt say any more in this subjeck but i may say the preasts was nise, gives you a cup of tea nise cakes without i not so much as hinted on the contery a long ways from *it i did not even know there was such dellickassies on the premisses.* but tells them i am much obliged i do think their notuons of rellidguons is some hows damn nise as why isent there some tea or some nise feed in a english church. But you goes in what do you find well what a come Down. it is all desparit loanley no kettal on the Hub damn natuon there is some things wrong here. as you goes out immeduate it is no wonder. which to whit, when the congrigashon come in no one aloud to do any thing onley in the fashon never sing a Noat on your own, hustel on your gnees when they all done. as next thing if you was not to of done, along come the beedel, he said christ who is this heathon clear out of it at Onse. but i should of like a small wet these psalmes is drye wurk but what a hope. well it is

still dammned hummid i am not struck on this
plase hopes buddy took in your prayer i will stop
for the times Being.

wedensday sixteen i think, i am still here i am
surprised. but i carnt imagine if i haves any
things specual importanse to say i will stop in
that case hopes i haves some nise dreams.

thursday furst thing Up come the half bread
says i would like some monney, well i tells her
which that is a common traight of humans
nature i should be obliged if i could of had
some my selve. i says it sarcasistick but it gorn
of her like a ducks back as prevuous. but she
said you ose me fifteen dollars. said surely not,
said i fansies it must of growed bigger in your
tipe of head like a moskitter bight done, namely
if you was to of been Bit, which this whoman
then proseed to Snap at you regular Turtal, well
damn it i tells her to be Of¹ and get a New Red

¹ As this word "Of" occurs frequently throughout the journals
it may be noted now that it has here three common uses: as used
above—off: the normal use; and as a verb, in place of "have"—

Whig i am fair sick of your tipe i said. which god abuve what a hulloballoo enshoe. it is these womens they are all pressisively similuar i finds, mentuon casual their whig and nothing for it but clear out they are like a roring firy furniss. but says orl right oh revoirse mabel i should imagine we shall not meet again till the happye land far far aways but you will have to mend your narstey norty temper furst. parse her five dollars done a bunk and comes here. never seen the like she was Mad with furry but i think i shall be orl right here i will stop i do hope she doesent hornt my dreams.

fryeday seen old kay says i am fair desparit to get a ship, Why he said. tells him it is too hummid here but i carnt eggsplain every things god damn us your life is privit which this is why i loath these poleese so much, they carnt see it. but give us a chanse i do not wish to say any more of this tipe i do not like them. but says what are we going a substitution with which doubtless most of us are so familiar in the spoken word that it will present no great difficulty in print.—ED.

to do old kay, I should be obliged to the extremes if you was to kindly loan me a small amount of monney i am soe hungry i may not live Very Much more if i do not quench some of it. well bon swores ¹ this is better, he said i should like to introduse you to some old ship mates of mine as lives here They haves quite nise feeds some times. says much obliged that will do, he said they haves a dorter as might appeel to you well damn it i carnt alow these insineratuons, i may say i am not the tipe as gets struckque on whomans but says i will come to please you. as poor old kay i pitties him, my greatest traight is magnamerous. but tells you oh revoirse till the morrows, this get on your Nerve which i was labering under the allusuon we was going immediate i said, he said no they would not have any thing onley a small pease of cheese i must wharn them furst. orl right says I supposes it would do but i could of done with a peese of cheese even a fragumint of a

¹ Evidently from the French, *bonsoir* : varied through the journals as *bon sworée*, *bon sirée*, etc.—ED.

peese as when i am hungry as this i carnt stop to make inkwires how large is this peese of cheese. but i said well we shall meet anons. goes and shove down a coupal of bears but i could not afford any thing to gnor but i was Hungery as Hell. it is this particklarly gnoring tipe of hungeryness i do hope this gnoring will be stopped proper with a Primb Feed.

wakes Up feels damn loanley. which some times you do, you feels damn natuon i am a nise looking tipe of purson my whits about me, but i should be obliged if there was some more specual reason for turning Out, i layed in the bed and thort and thort becose damn it i might of parsed Of in to the happy land and no more troubals. but i thort of this feed—i keeps Up but what do you find. christ i was sickened as i seen old kay he said it is sunday i has oranged for us. arsk why in hell. as i thort do be reasonabull, i was really angry your stummack is onley humans it carnt keep on looking forwards to these feeds

time after again. But he said you must be a phillossipher taplow your aggoneys will not larst for evers. tells him goddammit if that is phillosophy i will give Up, as if you was to be lead up to the skaffold your aggoneys whont larst long but christ i know i would feel too Bad to cair if it done. he says have a drink taplow but you can have a feed if you like i can loan you a dollar which tells him well i had a drye crust to my brekfust which this is in the bargin,¹ i should be obliged if i could Wash it Down. yes he said, puts away the dollar. requists old kay not to do it. he said why, says becose i should like to look fairly Knutty on the morrows i know i am not of gentry stockque but i could perchiss a nise neck tye and look passible. it is trew he said. which we haves some bear i did trye to be cheerfull but mursey i must be a phillossipher i do go on tryeing even if no boddy said have some more tap old pall. which bon swoirees i am wore out but do not wurry i shall be orl right some Hows.

¹ Possibly a bargain made with the landlady.—ED.

sunday i did not perchiss this tye it is too luxshuruous but don your broun boots and gorn Of. namely these boots happen to be the nise gifts of my loveing unkal in hammersmith. but i am not struckque on this blood rellitive. so-call clarsey groser as fair rake in the dollars, ways out the backon with his hudge fat hand on the scails, but damn it *i carnt afford to say i do not wish to have these broun boots*, as they are carst if i know it but this so-call clarsey tipe carst of their old garmints Very Rappid. but seen this Gurl she is innersent i think. i do not get struckque on these whomans but i do not know why, i like her i onist do i should not be surprised if i was to lueve her in a tipe of way inventually. but do be cairfull william i do think i should be cairfull, onley sixteen which purhaps she have not had time to reek havick any Wheres yet but hay presso she could Of. says how do, i hope you are feeling Primb, says the same to them all but they didant anser specually, proper nobles oblige tipe, shere gentry stockque but i haves a passible feed which

next thing this mr williams tells you i should hope you will come again soon mr taplow, answers i should be much obliged to and the wive ekko her old mans statesment it is a common traight in wedded live. says yes come in again whenever you like, orl right i said yes i certinly will, becose this whoman is a tipe of half bread it is why they raise Up no objectshon to you as this tipe is looked at fairly ignoringly by the social swurl. but the old man is gentry stockque orl right but god damn it i can wink the other eye to such triphuls i do not mind. nor give us a chanse i am not in the habbit to ignor a invitatsuon, says by by for the times being, gorn for a stroall and proceed back to this house well damn it they did not pressisively Well Come you. but says i come as you arsk so i see he retorts At you, what is there for supper i said he said there is not Very Much i am afraid, replyes well do not wurry about me i am quite orl right with a peese of chick Hen or so, he said is that so. says yes do not wurry at all and turn out a hole chick Hen come on the tabel.

also mellon quite Primb. says i see as you have quite a spred after all i am glad of this as i would not of like to eat Up your feed. but christ you carnt cheer Up some poeples. i thort i should be thanks full if providense was to orange and leave me aloan with this nise gurl i do not mean her any harm, Far from it i may say, but i was fair sickened of all these pairents. as wrackque my brain to and Froa. but give us a chanse What are you to do nothing come into your head convenuant i haves to go Away. says oh revoirse for a Time, they said good byes i shall be glad to see some thing Of you if you are here next year but i said thanks it is nise of you but i do not know if i am going away from singapore just yet i like it more and More as time goes On. they said do you. says yes but i will stop i am so tyred i carnt think of any thing but oblivuum and go Of in to It.

i didant go Up but i thort i might but i didant. which the more i dwells on these pairents i gets wilder, heavon help Us i onist carnt stummack them.

chooseday march chooseday gorn in the caffey
no kay damn it i am dyeing of loanley luve sware Of
mothers ruin ¹ i say i sware of it sleep blessid sleep.

wakes Up goes Slap down to the docks sign On.
i haves a roring headake for some curuous reasun,
but i whont be put Of i am going Up the ladder
of suxess One reasun i am stoney broke, this
whoman is a tipe of Frog i notise it is not the
greatest traight of these Frogs to loan you any-
thing. but i am feeling of my otes i do not
denye it but this nise gurl is so nise i must see
her on the morrows lingaring fair wells and co.
come back rich as creeser and marry her i haves
a supperstitshon damn it i know she is struckque
on me. well christ i am not a Cox Coamb i
know i am not but what of fassinashon, i haves it
if any boddy, blew eyes nise tipe of smile if your
front mole tooth was not Out but they carnt go
by this as how can they, but i hope i have some
nise dreams fair the well as they Say.

¹ "Mother's ruin"—a nautical name for gin.—ED.

wedensday pays this phemail Frog as much as i can christ i carnt pay more nor i can, i will pay the remainders Very Rappid. shifts on board and so to speak clear right Of. well goddamnit i am not a villon but how can you pay Up if you haves no monney you carnt, Humans nature is week, but there is a tipe of pursons as rob all and sundery to whit these magnets, how do these magnets make monney out Of sope and cetra, god save us they would have to dror a privit curtin over this there is no money in a peese of sope i know there isent. onley if some stick on it, well they stick it On. i will see if i can see this nise gurl on the morrows which mean whiles let us pray and go Of into some golden slumber.

what Of it? well i been Up to this williams house boled desserve the fair and co but i know my greatest fawlt is modist i do not agree it is a fawlt i think it is nise i loath these so-call bunk murchants inside Out. but christ this modist does keep you in the back Grounds. as they was

not In, onley the gurl, i thort Har this rejoice the cockals of your hart orl right but not as nise as you was lead to Think. which nise gurl says good morning to you, replies dittoe Twise and hopes you are Primb which it is dammed hummid i said, But god help us i begged pardun immeduate i did not mean to, and questuon Wheres is your old mar and par miss. tells me i forgets where i do not cair any Ways. which says did you want any thing mr taplow. says right Out i should of like to of gorn for a stroall with a nise gurl, but damn us all their brains are Wrong they carnt see your Drift some hows. Thort to my selve do not minse boans come to some of these so call Points, i done it, i said i should imagine you might of been fairly kean on a stroall down to the docks it is a Furst Clarse day. but christ low and behold she did not Snap at it. well i onist do not know why but Trust Me i sharnt mone over spilt milk i feeled she didant mean it but goddamn her she done it, i do not think much of her no Spiss of adventure but any ways i haves no

intentuons to Stop Tryeing as my tipe doesent, she is a nise gurl she is a damn nise gurl. which bon sworés tap old boy i will be sure and be cairfull any Hows.

Fryeday a unluckie day i thort so—Mursey on us these frydeays *do* let you Down i should not of tryed to do any thing i was a Primb Full to trye and be so nise to her, but give us a chanse i didant Do any thing, but i nearly come Out with the statesment i am Fairly Fond of you miss but what of it, it is apparensley too nise for a gurl of this tipe. i should of knowed it is whomans whiles to say for christ sake clear Of when any Ones is gentel as a lamb but if i was to of cort them in a grip of iorn she would of sang out immeduate oh darlings darlings Let Up damn it do Let Up, but i may state fairly imphatick this would of had no affecks on me i should be obliged if you would Un Hand me. but they would beg for mursey but i am not awair if i would give it To them, but what happons next. well it is this This is what happoned next. in

come par. as seen she were all of a heep leaps to the inclusuon like i do not know what, christ some poeples leaps to the inclusuon Far Too Rappid—says mr taplow i should be glad if you would step Out of this house. says would you i said, he said yes i would says if you do not i will make you. says oh you will will you, he says yes i will, but it is no use to be subtiley sarcastistick to this tipe, my brains is waisted his thorts are like a antypoise ape but he says please Step Out Quick. tells him Har Har, proseed to go Out, i did not loose any dignities nearly thort christ this tipe is too familuar i do not like it at all, but says well so long pressidant williams come in too late onse again i notise, didant he carry On. well hark the herrald angles sang orl right. as says i do not know what you mean but you are an insufferabel young bounser, radge Up and Down to and Froa but damn us all i did not feel any particklar fassinashon to stop and lissen to this announsement, nearly said i should advise you to keep your hair On there is not a

supperfluansy of it all ready and gorn of quick as a stote. But i did not even do any thing to this gurl, but i did not even get a chanse to but i would not of any ways i am the sole of onerabullness but christ i did give him a nise questuon to wrackque his brain With. well i do onist think i shall get On in life damn it, it is onley quick Whit. namely these emperers dewks and co it is nearly their old granpars Snap Up the crown in antick ages, low and behold their of-springs is Chock Up of blew blood. as well william you are Furst clarsse i know it but i think do exchew lickor to a large extant, This gurl is not good Enuff for me any ways i am quite happy i will quench the Candel Snoar of to sleep.

Sunday wakes Up imagine where the deval are You, finds i am here which i am glad this is the case i gets sickened of every thing Very Quick some times brekfust turn sour on you nor i do not know What. to whit this gurl well what a meeger tipe of phemail i was surprised. as save

Us damn it they carnt say i am struckque on
farst whomans. this rooge gets on your Nerve i
whont have it but i do not think i am back
wards, i am forwards i should of said in a nise
tipe of way. but what of a pheamail as stand
stock still well give us a chanse that aynt right
thats wrong they are Out of Date, it goes against
my grains Too Much. but god abuve i do not
whish to continew with such a loath some sub-
jeck. i will come on to the questuon of this
ship which this is my opinuon of this ship
This ship is quite a nise ship. but i do not like
it. but i think it is Orl right as ships Go as they
say, haves a specuous of cabbin becose of the
malley crew you carnt mingel with these broun
skin Gentries. it is nise i feels quite a queen in
the boudire. which fansy you in a cabbin tap
old Cock—well why the blew hell Not. damn me
if i am not as Furst Clarse as any ones to have
a cabbin christ i should be obliged to know who
is. i should like to say anser me that, they carnt.
but a lot of wurk i will stop, onley casual mentuon

old kay says fairy wells, lick your Lip slitley
Not Obvuous—hells bells i do not do this tipe
of thing obvuous but it is a pittty i did not Do It
a frackshuon more obvuous. nothing come of it.
but i was thurstey as a limpit. he says where is
the dollar i loaned you, tells him allacks alas
it is too late my ship goes Of this minit. says
never fear how evers nise old kay you are my
pall damn it if I did not pay you Up a hunderd
folds in friendships i should be shot i should
fancy, which no beet about the bush i meanted it
but he did not look as if it is a nise bargin. god
abuve Why Not. as this dollar is a mear borbel
to live long friends, i onist did have to go Of then.
as haves this dollar but i might of gived it to him
but do be reasononabull i am so dammed mag-
namerous i might of gived it to him. but i
could not afford to well it is orl right i keeped
it feels fairly nise but not so to say Primb.

i do not feel Up to the Marks there is a docter
in this ship but mersey on Us what do you find.

pressisively as i imagined he said there is not much the matter with you. well christ i could of been as good a doctor as that my selve. Says orl right orl right i onley feel as limp as a peese of trype but how can they tell they arnt you, But they say i will give you a dose now damn natuon i do not like the habbits of these docters. as feels Bad as a rotten egg but they imagines you are a tipe of corp. says to their selve i should like to insindentually see what happons to this pashent i will trye it furst with a Black Pill then i will trye it with some white pouders see what it will do Next. which it orfen gorn of and dyed on them but christ what do they cair they liked it, well god dam every thing i am in aggonees bon sworee.

wakes Up feeled so bloody rotten i wish it was vise verser. as mursey what can you expeck—wurks like a kitchon slavey well nobles oblige and co i do not dispise these phemails on the contery i looks Up at them, but there is a limmit some

wheres, which this old man sit Up on the bridge
look at the parrits as flyes along the shore Lap up
bear a mear Sponge. as further Mores may i
arsk where this docter have gorn Of to, i feeled
my temprachure it is going Very Rappid but all
you knows he is not at your bed side, i am not
in bed but god damnit i should ort to of been
by a long chork. which any ways i should be
obliged if he would under Stand i have come to the
end of the Teather *haves no intentuons to be mall
treated any more* it is quite final good Night all.

christ i do not know if it is this dose but may
i say i am passing Away. i do not see any hope
i onist do Not. god abuve i feel orful well it
is murder orl right you wouldant have to parse
the judge Much for him to say i quite agrees it
is murder Orl Right. as arnt these docters
damnabull but i imphatickally refuse to say any
more in this subjeck i am fed Up till your back
tooth is sunked out of site, goodnight every ones
good byes.

it is a mirrorcule orl right, i am surprised out of my Whits i am still here, i should be obliged if i do not hear any invisibull voise say it is dew to this docter i denye it god damn it i lauf this narstey insinerashon to shere contemps. as No i say it was not this docter as rescews me from the toomb nor it was nothing to do with this dose, christ as if this dose could of done any thing to me onley near bring ruin on your Stummack. but trusts in providense i knowed some hows i should come threw but if any one is really damn ill i mean proper mortall aggoneys no mear chick Hen pock or any thing but fair crorling into deaths door i may say i haves some good advise i should like to give them What is my advise. my advise is this it is to say to this docter as come munkyng around oh by the Ways docter, i think this dose you dish Up to me was so damn dellight full i should like you to of had some your selve, Yes do have some it is orl right i garanty it i will Foot the Bill do have it docter, which what will happon. well if i am not miss-

took which god damn it i certinly arnt miss took
i carnt be, i may announse, he will say i do not
whant it. orl right says why not. where Upens
this docter Humb and Hor but i carnt go On
with this subjeck i whish to god i had not of
began it. which you do some times and come
sick as a cat all of a suddin But in regards to my
appotight i eat a tin of sardeens some biskits a
pin apple and cetra but i did not feel like any
of them i fairly Didant.

sunday april parse a cruiser one of your old
friends and send Up a prayer of hart feelled thanks
givings to be Out of it, i am too tyred to say the
gnoring thorts as well up in your bossom at this
familuar site.

Sor some nise eyelands and come after spisse
Knut megs and co¹—some times purls i should
like to get Some. as why Not, these inhabitives
will Hand Over a purl orl right if you was to give

¹ I think there can be no doubt but that this is to be translated
into standard English as “spices, nutmegs, etc.”—ED.

them a sorce pan, no one Let On it is not so Nise, i will do it i think, i am onist as the day but i should like to arsk who thort of this tipe of bargin furst. to whit brittaniar rule the waves and done it, well damn it wasent i borned in the shere hart of the land of hope and glory namely southwark. but this mate is dutch. as seen this cruiser as parse arsk are you english helmsman, says well my old par were borned opposit london bridge mar come over with the jews so i should some hows imagine i might of been. he said you haves nise war ships i thort this is suspicuous i did not know if he was getting At you. says i am not awair if they are particklar nise i were in one, i were in the black Prinse in jutland. he said were you. god damn it yes i said you do not forget this triphul, he said she were sunked if i am not miss took. Tells him pressisively. arskes if you was rescewed i thort oh no i dyed i am a gost but says yes but onlye by the skin of your tooth which what do you find. he says what. says well damn it what a nise thing to be rescewed but all

your cherrissed possessuons finds a so-call whaterie Grave to whit i was angry as a tyger which its Kids have been took out of its Very Pors to go in the zoo oh was you he said. said yes i will tell you why specuallly it is this, i were in my old soot for one thing, as further mores my ditty box did not Flote but if it done it might of come in to some alluan hand, i could not sleep i were wiled to imagine who might of come by it, as damn natuon it were full of privit letters oh he said i said yes comes down of the bridge i did not tell him any more but i haves a lot more thorts of this scandal as come on all your nerves onse again, it will not go Of. becose namely these privit letters come from your gurl she haves red hair i should of been awair of it. but damn it i do not object to a red haired dog but i had a dog a regular rair dog namely fiddo it would do any thing Feed out of your hand anser its name onley not when it did not wish to for some specual reasun. but give us a chanse you carnt expeck these dogs not to have some thorts of its own they are onley

human, at least they may not be but i should be obliged if any ones would tell me why Not. as these animules are as good as it any hows, but this red haired gurl played you a trick moses she did play you a trick, i was surprised. as she haves a kid god dammit this did put the wind up you, i did not see aney reason she should of had exept i did like her, i do not wish to say any thing wrong i am as nise as aney ones internally *i should be glad to know who says i am not.* but she come down on you to be its old Par, well let us pray it is no use to argew with womens in this tipe of case, their minds does not wurk like yours done, consequinse writes you all these privit letters. but i luvd her but why i did not fairly tare them up in a radge i do not know but i might of thort there was some grains of truth in them May i say i do not creddit it for a mear seckond? as usually i am innersent as the gentel duve i know i am. but stough them in this ditty box low and beholds next thing Up they goes and might of falled in to any ones Hand how can you

tell. which where are they now christ where are they now i wish i knowed. as damn natuon i also loose my privit blew silk mufflar in that occasuon, never come by one like it i have been haveing narstey colds in the throte ever sinse. but i will stop i am so bloody tyred, but onley say the goverment is still on my Nerve like any thing as says you was a heroe which come along sing god save the king it is heroick of you but what did they do to compersate you for loosing my ditty box namely also my privit blew silk mufflar god damn it they sat on their ars and eat of the Fat of the land. which i do whish my immaginashons didant go so rappid some times and think of all these back numbers as they say but Catch Me i sharnt be so heroick next time onley if i screws a promiss out of these Big Buggs get it signed all Up proper by the lor but god abuve i do not trust the lor any Better where can you turn, You carnt.

sunday still april a day of pease i thort oh is it, well may i [arsk] No offense what is this Pease. as

fair cronick swet in all your pours at onse Nerve going Up and down to and Froa i will rephrain to say any thing Deffernit but christ i know what i could say. in addishuons to which i may say i feels damn loanley all these natives around and do not know english. i do wish some one would learn them it these natives are specially native Ones.

i carnt make any statesment i am Fed Up like a hogg but cheer ohs.

Thursday if this hummidness does not Lay Of very Rappid nor not mearly this but i could lay my finger on some Other tipes of Wurries, i do not know what will happon but i may say some purson would be well Advise to keep clear of my Rorth. but i thort of suinside but it would not do any good onley set your nerve going To and Froa like Mad prevuous to It. which they would announse suinside whiles of unsound mind, god damnit i should like to take this oppertunitty

to imphatickally state i am insindentually as
Sain as a Horse. but i whont give Up they
carnt make me, duty call and write Up your
logs book as if i wasent in the throws of tife after
tife of horribullnesses and state quite carm i sor
some parrits cocko Knuts they are orl right but
b——t what Of them, i could of done with a nise
site of the ellophant and castle some jellied eels and
cetra but i will make some tea mearly say bon
jours and finish Up this statesment i am sick of it.

sat, been in this plase maccassar next thing sets
these mallays pollissing brarse wurks it is soe
dammned hummid here i would of loathed to of
been borned a mallay inphant well they do get
down Troddin, but they are tife of these yellow
perrils you haves to. but god blarst it i am
loded Up with this so call white mans burdin
orl right which i some times wish i were not so
Bloody Eddercatted. dammit us white mens
knows too much i think. as haves to swet away
at things all these inventers thort of to whit i

carnt see why newTom could not of leaved this apple aloan, next thing Up jump senior marconnies says i thort of wireless. consequinse is we all haves to go In for it But i could of invented wirless i nearly didant troubal to think of it furst. i am took Up with more seruous questuons but i do think some of these smaller tipes of educashon get on my Nerve. as namely writes Up the ships log, which the mate approach. looks at it says surely they teached you to begin the sentense with a capitall, well Who do you mean *They* i said. why your scool he said. replyes no, he said well they should of done. well i said they might of but i forget i was onley in standard 3 they do not give you much of these small tipes of educashon in It, he said oh says well trye to remember, said i would have a Whang at it but damn it i haves enuff to go On with i haves everey intentuons to rise Up and be a skipper Very Rappid but not just now i am too bizzy. as whish to better your selve but some hows a purson look Up drat the cat if this is not

the portall of the toomb yorning at you all ready
and no better Of nor they was in long cloes.
which what of these inventers they go into dust
similuar to you i imagin. but exept onley if
these munky glans was to come Of orl right
but christ this is a wurser tipe of thort nor any
Thing, i should loath to wake Up find you carnt
dye Of desent, but stay on crack all these munky
knuts till doomb day. but hell i am sick of
life now, i will bid every thing good night sleep
some of it Of.

next sunday not the larst one but i carnt call
to mind what of the date i am supperier to it
any ways but i may say this is bon this is really
better i know what was wrong i was loanley.
you do get it. but along come this boat we was
anchord What is in it well i thort maddermusell
from armenteers orl right it is some damnsels i
am not struckque on them but christ arnt they
fair fassinating i do think they was. as brort of
some turtals eggs and cetra, i bort some. damn it

you carnt rissist to bye them becose i thort it isent this articule it selve as is so nise, to whit these pheamils as go in the street with flags knickque knackques and co for the hosspittalls well they can shout their lungue horse if they are a old mare every one sidel parst make out they didant know she is on the Tappy, but if it is a nise gurl feels in their pocquet think well now this is nise, this really is nise, consequinse is these hospittels do not fall Down but they would of if the poor old knagg was to of tryed to keep them Up aloan, Humans nature. i am sorrie for It but i carnt do any thing. but gets some eggs hopes they will hatch into turtals but if i am not Very Much misstook i am the tipe of purson they do not do this For. to whit some poeples puts their hands to any thing ridicklerous stewpid hand but low and beholds if it do not come right Every Time. no mar turtual or any thing. but my tipe is so goddammed unluckie whatever i done they are dogged by some things wrong which haves to fight against

this Dog like mad. which this Dog will not Go Away i have toled it to again and again but i do not denye i am not so loanley, onley rephrain to let this animule know i am orl right as this bain full animule, but it is not pressisively a animule, but what ever it is if it come to hear you are happy it will onley attack you more savidgely nor ever it done Prevuous.¹

Chooseday onse again damn us all there do seem to be a lot of these choosedays onley more fryedays but i have a suspicuon it is onley your immaginashuons i am full of it. but i am annoised, i am fair wore to a skellotin with it, they did not come of to the ship i could not go ashore i fairly wrythed which it is becose i wrythed in mentual aggoneys it is far more pearceing nor in your stummack some hows as damn it i am not struckque on gurls i think they are Thort too

¹ For all that this idea of some, so to speak, *spirit of bad luck dogging one's track* is here very individually put, few people, one imagines, will fail to understand and therefore to sympathise with the writer.
—ED.

Much Of, but give us a chanse you do get loanley
it is your sole as gets It.

well wedensday hay presso i do hope it is quite
privit in Here. as i do not Know Why i some
times feels i am Not Aloan i haves this curuous
Ink ling as if the ark angle or some tipe of gost
i do not even like so much was on your trackque,
sor what you writes well i do not know why but
i haves it damn nashon i do not wish to have to
Eggsplain Every Thing, it should be took for
garnted. but i carnt any ways. but i haves no
suspicuon of intentuons to say any thing against
this ark angle exept onley i do wish for christs
sake it would mind its own bizniss. which god
damn me there is surely plenty of pursons wurse
nor you to whit holly woods at this studdo they
haves this hairumb, No use to say it is a Flite of
Fixon the old ark angle knows orl right, well as i
does i should not be surprised if not better,
But they can sing out mursey i didant do it till
doomb day it will nearly retorts you are a loath

erly villon i knowed it all along and close Up the book with a Snap. But damn it some hows i should be specual obliged if it did not pounse on you in this tipe of way, steady Up i am not a wrat calls heavon to whiteniss i done nothing wickid i know i havant. but holly saints there is pursons as haves some Wheard ideers about wickidniss to whit they think it is a sin if a dog gorn of haves some pupies but these pupies might be orl right they might be nise as nise but if they was to of sor this dog orangeing to Go In For them they would think oh goodniss gracuous me what are these dogs Comeing To. but i do not mean any insinerashons i loathe Corse Tork. but damnit these gurls do clutch On to you. in come a nise one. which they carnt tork english, give us a chanse they never learned it i pitty them but i do not object to this gurl onley becose they are not a similuar culer to you. On another hands i like them better i think. i will say why. this is it, it is for the same reasoun namely as if there was two eggs for brekfust i

should be obliged if the purson Opposit You would kindly state, will you appropriate the broun one william taplow old son, Becose i do not wish to make a fuzz but i should infer it if you Do Not Mind. well goddamnit if they did not agree i should fairly show what i were made Of. as my opinuon a broun egg is niser nor a white egg no matter if it may not of been soe Hudge a hen as done it but no matter it is niser, which she then come In i did not arsk her to. as no i sware on my Onour i didant but the old man gorn ashore i beckonds to her, you carnt get them any other tipe of way but onley this, done a smile eggmatick and come in your cabbिन which what is the next Thing. well what is it, but Trust me i could of been as subtile as the surpant i know i could of, i been It befores. but they are in this so call state of nachures Very Near to start of, onley a lion clothe On. which i thort well bon swores if there was a ordyanse at the allohamber or some Wheres else to whit holbun empire they could not of sang out when

is this nise gurl going to take some more Of as
what is there to do it With. but they do jump
down your throte i onist do not know how to
send Up enuff thanks-full thorts to nise providense
as this tello vishon have not come On yet, which
if it was On, these bizzy boddies would loose no
chance to sing Out christ well my Hat do look, it
is this Scumb taplow at it onse again but i
imphatickually denye every Thing. i do not
cair what it is i denye it. i did not do It. but
any ways i do think i am thanks full it is not old
england, you do not know how Rappid a narstey
tipe of rumure will Call Down scandel at you in
this dere old homes land. it come at you like a
voise under the bed or Any Wheres. as lap up
tea, says what is It i hear of this so call william
taplow, oh didant you hear they anser no they
replye but do tell me. they then tells them quick
as a Fish well good gracuous they say i would not
of beleived it would you, no we never would Of
is the retorts. but it is trew they continewed
i am so Up Set as do you mean to onist tell us it

is this william taplow as done this scandal, why i was fair labering under the allusuon he was so nise. drinks more tea ink wires in to your habbits what is the Up Shoot. which this is it, if you gorn along in to their house for a nise feed *they will not give it to you* but god damn it they should of Dish Up plumb dough minse pyes every thing, this scandal is so call meet and drink in the eye of this tipe of purson. well hells bells they would jor a pigg of its trotters parse supperstishus remarks all the time you was about, to whit look at this durty dog william taplow, make out he is innersent but christ we Knows orl right next thing along come the clurgies look in your winder hold Up their hand say dere me this is suspicuous as dere me twice this *Is* suspicuous i must really see what is Up with this sole. well god damn it this inter lopeing fair ruin you and brich of promise onse again which we all knows what you feels like in this occasuon. i should hope. but i may announse if you was to come here i wharn any ones as what of the goverment

in this tipe of plase But i do not know if it is acksually consissted of a serueese of Humb Buggs similuar to in the old homes land but might come Down on you wurse nor it, as namely your old pall lord george which any ones as have lissned to this goverment lord Spout Up a lexture at a fashionabel Fate, i done it but i did not object to him specual. but you carnt tell by the joring, which he done all the joring no ones else jored. but i would not of heard if they done it nor he would not of, namely becose of these hudge silver locks as flode parst his ear. i do not think he meaned harm. but on another hands this goverment might, as not mearly say come along do not give aney Back Chats fork Up some moneys for this nise gurl but on the contery it might consign you in the toomb without a argewmint. this i do not like the ideer of i loath the ideer of it becose to whit i do not impruve of capitalls punishment any ways, but i do of cappitalls leavy which if i was the Big Knob of every things to whit baldwins, i should Whang it on

straight of, no hokey pokey make these magnits
coff Up but not of capitalls punishments i think
it ingcroach on you to narstily This is also the
opinuon in the bible. what is the wurds namely if
these durtey dogs come at you turn another cheak
but this i would do orl right but goddamnit
not if they come too near you carnt. but orl
right orl right i am fair sick of this Toppicks
there is no chanse to come Up for any of these
briches but give us a chanse i onley imagunes
if this nise gurl was to come Down on you what
of the next Itum on the programm. but mozes
my imaginashons is too bloody rappid for any
thing some times, i will concluse this chapster
with these well come wurds, i do get sickened of
all these announsements some times but steady
Up if i was onley good at menual labers no
brains to think of i should of feeled there was
some things leaved Out some hows. but my
brains do go farst.

saterday comes here it is a fairly nise plase but

not so nise i do not know Why. i am too bizzzy to discribe any more of it. But i did have a good feed of Fish, you do get to like these repstiles which the tipe as do not go in a tin but there is one particklar nise part of these tin sammons and co i will announse it, Namely they haves no boans, but i do get wiled with this tipe of Fish i been haveing a feed Of, why damn it every seckond pease of fish is a boan. as i am quite awair providense done it, no complaints at this nise invissibull gost but hells bells i should like to be informed Why Not. becose do be reasona-bull it must of done a misstake some times no good if it didant, to whit the proverb, but i do think a cocks roach is Wrong some hows. as what is this tipe of curuous creecher For. well it is No Use. on the contaries it is a perrishing goddamm Newsanse. as no beet about the bush i think providense should ort to of owned Up, say to every ones but i do not know how but what if it done a mirrorcule becose i do think it is time they brort of a new set of these mirror-

cules damn it they carnt all of been used Up in the red sea, No sign of red about it i may say in Parsing, but any ways it could easy let us know it gorn and dropped a brick about these repstiles. i say imphatickully they are the Wrong Tipe. as if they had not of made two in the furst plase What of it ? there wouldant be one in the univer-sitty now. as two of these corling chreechers go and be the old mar and par of a sheething multitudes in No Time. as you might say. but lay of as haves onley my trousers On, it is so hummid i will diss robe these articules go in to some nise disherbills namely my nise blew sarrong next thing partake in some golden slumber i think.

sunday damn it your turtuals eggs do not seem to be awair i done every thing in mortall powers for them which same as their old mar would Of onley niser. well give us a chanse you was suppose to keep them nise and hotted Up no drarfts but hot as brin stones. didnt i do it. goddammm us all didnt i put them in some nise hot ashes

but fair gorn back on you nothing come of it
onley one gorn burst, Looks and see if it was this
nipper turtual come out for a squint at every
things but damn it no, it wasent even In it. well
i may say, ar me, i am so tyred of every things
nothing for it but the toomb but if i am not in
it on the morrows i will trye and eat them i do
whish i could keep smiling but i carnt with this
hudge burdin of cairs On me.

which No haves nothing specuallly thortfull to
announse in this occashon i will not announse it
there Fors but exsept onley it is a gloruous night
but onley for them as thinks so, but if they was
to arsk me i loath it wurse nor any night onley
exsept when i were in the inphant stadge been
and swollered the Sope.

turns out morning watch as prevuous i do
think every thing is loathsome Fairy Wells.¹

¹ A variation, one may assume, of "good-bye all." I take
"Fairy" to be a running together of the words "fare thee."—ED.

saterday i am so aloan it is orful. as sits by your selve in my cabbin i am loanley. which dere nise Holy Angle be nise to me i am by my selve i am orl right in the hart which dont go Of on us i am orl right i onist am.

sunday set eyes on a lot of flyeing Fish as my opinuon they beets fair beets all these so call marvils of siense hollo becose why. becose i would arsk some of these marvils why do these Fish flye alsoe go in the water the anser is they was fitted Out in the heavenley redguon and all come down to the questuon of Mortall Clays. damn it i could of been a curit i think, preech some of these thorts in a pullpit but i did not feel struckque on it some hows, i do not like their tipe of coller but may i say i am as full of heavenley thorts as any of these curits ? which twise as full, but i will go of in to oblivuum i should be obliged if i could have some dreams to do with this nise gurl i hope i shall be orl right in the mean times but life does bow you Down.

chooseday we was getting copprer seen some of these inhabitive damnsils but so far Of your hart feeled loanlier nor if i had not of sor them. says to my selve goddamnit i am fair sickened of being borned so Humbel. as i would not of mind a fairly sworvy tipe of skin if i could of been a sultarner Of and On, i onley mean to see what it is like i do not envie them i am Far better but gets so Fed to the tuth of seeing your leagle wive on the Spot every time i comes in, but i know i havant one but i know i would which this is the reasuon i havant one. But god damn us to and Froa, feels i am pinning away insindentually, it is this hummidness further Mores i am loanley as a old maid wore out of not getting any ones to say i luvve you to extrackson like i do not know What.

sunday may fifteen i think, it is so dammned hummid and wurked of your head and Foot at a similuar time to whit tricks at the wheel write Up this stewpid ships-log which it isent mine i loath

it, this mate does Mone at you. as hoist these boats In and Out to and Froa never please these knagging offisers feels i might turn Out a bolshie whisk in a mear seckond run a Muck same as the gadding swincs done i wharn them. as says some prayers but my larst ones was took so meeger notise of thort i would make it fairly obvuous i do not mind if there was any ones lissening or not. but if there wasent i will nearly state i am not absolutively struckque to a Corp with admurashons for these socall cheeroh bims and seero Phims they may live in heavon but damn it they arnt every One.

shanghai september 20 19 20 Seven i have not wrote so long forgets what i done to a large extant but comes back to singapore sign on this old pacquit a durty Tubb. i did not go ashore i did not like that plase specual exept onley drops in the caffey see if old kay is in it, but he were Out of it i was surprised. god dam it i were sickend. says to the barman Where is old kay he

said who, says old kay who do you think. but i do not know him he said, well shear Bunk i knowed it were a lye, says sarcasistick well there must be some thing Wheard in your tipe of brain, i should hope you have onley made a slite misstake and own up Rappid—i said any one as does not know old kay must be of *curuously unsound mind* seeing as if it was not for old kay your plase would go right Down. as says i think it have gorn down a lot sinse i sor it larst any ways. he said will you please give me your name No i said. but i should of said yes william taplow. onley i thort he might of spoak to the poleese but it turn out it was to make some ink wires well christ i have to be cair full. as next thing in come a fase i reckernise he said what is your friend like. retorts he is a oldish tipe of man but he does not Look it oh they said. which they have a pint of black blood in their vains they do not seem particklar rappid in the Up takes dew to this, But gorn on says he is middelling hight but no mustarch onley he may of growed one in my absinse if that is use

full to you. well mursey i should of thort it was some Help but no they did not Hook On even yet, i was getting angry you Do. as says drat my hat i carnt go On discribing this tipe of man day in Day Out but said he wares a starch coller it is acksually sellewloade but easy to Do Up with some bread which says what i mean he look quite of gentry stockque, a waist-coat some times a tye as hook on at the back but no boddy would notise it done, but he does not ware plush fords onley a tipe of long Very Long trousers as was seckond hands when they was new. which tells them he alsoe haves a boaler carnt afford a toppy¹ but this boaler is done over orl right with some white paint haves some red cottern down the back to keep Of the sun. which he would of cort bats in the belphry thurty year ago if it was not for This i said, this barman said yes i think i know who you mean but he doez not come here now well god damn it i were furuous, why couldant they of said it before. i sor if were no use after all

¹ Topee or sun-helmet.—ED.

this waist of my bizzy time—orders the bear without more adews and come to manniller. but i carnt call to mind what of it, onley i seen a cocks fight and been friendly to a nise gurl she were americans. but holy heavon you do have to be subtile with them, she said i could show you Some Things, says Go On which she done it. *but if i was not so subtile she would not of.* but i was cair full i always am. as next come bye some knickque knackques in hongkong, gorn in cat street and gets them specual, thort i would send them to my unkal and ant nise christmas gift but damn it i loosed them. they was stole i think. but they did look antick high prise and every thing but i payed 2 sents for them, tipe of salt seller as would of remind the purson as come by them to whit as you was in the ofing still when they haves a egg. well i do whish they had not of Gorn of, i know my unkal haves a egg i should of send them in High time see what come of it but he wont eat these new layed eggs in the shop they are not the tipe he is fond Of which i would not

my selve, they are too full of chick Hen. but comes along in the sea, loose a man overboard i gorn in the boat but a shark haves him i did pitty him, i feeled if joner was to of met a shark he would have to fair huddel Up inside this tipe of Fish to be any good when he come Out. as Snap at you fair cronick. i seen its fase i never seen a fase i loaths so much in years this great jor where their neck should of been and cetra, next thing this mishuonry we haves on board reads out the berrual statesment all sang the song namely perrils on the sea. but damn it it didnt hardley wring trew some hows, as what is the use to arsk for mursey after the shark have come Down on you they should of sang it befores. but haves some porridge for supper i onist was mornfull but i carnt be so mornfull to stop me being hungry. as look these facks in their fase if i did not eat i would dye of hungeryness, but hay presso you should of taisted this porridge well i did but no More, says cookie do haggish hapon to be this tipe of feed also says becose if it is i thort i

A BRITISH BLUE-JACKET

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will go Of to scotland look Up some nise high
 lands cheff arsk him if i could Snap Up some of
 these haggishes some hows. which this cookie is
 frog consequinse i might of spoke to a peese of
 Trype but arsk didant you like it, retorts well bon
 swoirees how did you come to go In for being a
 cheff. he said what, says cheff, as how did you
 come to be It. but low and beholds they onley
 spreads out their pors onse again, i cannot drumb
 sense into these frogs god damn us all i do trye i
 even learns Up some of their wurdz but this
 particklar narstey frogs faverit ideer is to sing Out
 at you, dyer an moosh tar picky,¹ which i arsk
 little jim what it meant, tells you it signifye
 christ youv been bit by a Bugg orl right, a frog
 proverb. but hells bells i haves no intentuons to
 be a scools marster i did learn up un dur twoi cats
 i could of followed it Up but what Of it. i could
 of gorn In for it easy but i didant whant to.
 becose i loath learning Up these sums and cetra

¹ The French proverb referred to would seem to be "Dieu !
 Une mouche t'a piqué."—ED.

they get on my Nerve, i would not go in to one of these tipes of oxe forge not if they was to go down on their gnee and prey me to. not me i wouldant my thorts are far too thortfull for this type of Plase.

goes ashore thort i would bye a wrag,¹ seen it said this Gray Mandurin would come it over all the other knaggs. tells you this knagg is a so call stayer, romp parst the post sure as god damn every thing onley if this Irish Jonnie didant happon to whang it. well christ this does get on your nerve as would this irish jonnie come it over it or opposit—these horsey poeple *Are* durtey. i spins Up it come down for the gray knagg, shuve on a dollar next thing they was both larst. well pack Up orl right i never did think much of these socall horses any ways long stewpid fase i sharnt let them come into my live again But some hows i thort it might of been some hows different in these forrin climbs but i may say turn out wurse nor good-woods by a long chork.

¹ A local rag or racing newspaper.—ED.

i fryeday i sor this fairly old pall to whit namely it is to whit goddamnit namely. to whit i whont be whursted i know it twice as well as him but gorn whick out of your brain but so soaber i do have a poor time of it i do i onist do i grammer phoan nise gurl which tea for two for tea for two for tea for what next i carnt go on i carnt call it to mind oh but i did like it but damn it steady Up i feels mornfull i feels behind Hands as this gurl well my christ this gurl Fair cronick she was a one.

saterday wakes up feeled real Bad. which thort this is quear thort what can it be. but haves the gangways watch i couldant get any thing to carst of the pangs of pain, Durty dogs i loath them.

sunday wakes up as prevuous thort what of a nise feed namely for egg¹ a reel nise slap Up blow Out. as gorn ashore soots the acksuon to the wurd devalled chick hen all in a nise chop soee

¹ No doubt "for egg" is to be interpreted as "for example" (e.g.).—ED.

restarant it were Orl Right i may say. becose the feeds these yellow perrils dish up is primb, nor not so much of the perril if you Dont Mind which some of the feeds i has partook of in the old homes land to whit messer lyon and co which what of the perril in this occashon. well christ messer lyon it is trew enuff they dont half mess it Up. but orl right but i do wish these yellow tipes would not go On with these chop sticks so Much. as carnt they see a spoon is better. which it hold more foods but they will go on at it i give up i sharnt tell them any more i some times think i will stop giving nise advise to any ones they are not wurth my nise advise.

wedensday i leaved them to it thort they could lode up orl right by their selve, nip ashore goes in the offise and come on these two privit letters well mursifull moses i was surprised, they are not the tipe i am fond of not in a Far Climb specual i am not fond of this tipe at all. which hells bells this seckond one turn you pail as a

gost for some reasuon. but the furst made me wiled it did make me wiled i tears it up in a radge of furry but i will say what it is it is a tipe of announsement as follow you same as a pet Cat. says we should be obliged if you was to remits us some money in the near futures becose of this soot you bort of us Some Whiles ago. which thinks oh would you. as carnt they see i haves no intentuons to pay for this soot now damn it not at this time of Night, becose give us a chanse their is a limmit some wheres i arsk you, 'This soot is soe dillappiduatted i would far sooner Hand it back to them i do not wish to attiyer my selve in it any Mores, as One thing i didant think it were particklar fashonabel when i bort it Of them becose it should of been purpal What did it happen to be. why god dam these tailers this soot was a mear broun one. which i shall be obliged if nothing more come of this, if any thing do come of i sharnt take no notise for a mear seckond but christ this next letter gets on your nerve far more Narstiley. as

what are you to do, it is your old gurl joring at you fair shocking i am sickend, god damn these gurls they dont half Clutch On to you. as she is a nise gurl she is a damn nise gurl i do not denye it but i do not like her. which i use to but mursey on us didant i give all that up in the antick ages, she gets on your nerve like any thing she does get on your nerve, Haves a slite whet and steady you. reads it twice deval damn us william you are in the soop if this is so. as up to the neck orl right, further Mores i am bewildered i onist am i think she must of gorn of some wheres she should not Of, these gurls do. Well give us creddit for some brains i am not soppie i know they do. but reads it again i do not see how i could of i onist i simply carnt see as it come threw me. i carnt i sware in the bible every thing becose look all these facks straight in their fase these facks is, i wurked them all out like Mad, finds i been away from old pompy¹ ten munth come three days as No i

¹ Portsmouth.—Ed.

meaned weeks but same thing but all but a
mear slite nomber of days from this acksual
seckond. *slap up no hokey pokey i know it*, which
do not misstake me ark angle if it is on my
trackque *i say from this second which pressisively*.
what of it any ways i am cairfull as a bishupp
i denye so imphatickally i am cairfull i carnt go
on at this subjeck becose i knows i am orl right
internally, i means in the bed rocks i haves so
maney nise traights i fairly do not know what
to do with them all some times. but hay
jerrooselum i should be obliged if i could go into
the peddogrease of some of these socual swurls,
as can they Muster Up all these nise traights
as i haves, to whit, Magnamerous Nise Thortsfull
Soaber Furst Clarse Primb Hansum onley for
this mole tuth, nise tipe of sole, These is nearly
some of my nise traights i may say. but we all
knows about the glarse houses i do not hapon to
live in the glairing Foot Lites of pubblissity
but i could mentuon some as would come of
Regular Bad and bring their stewpid tipe of

glarse house tumbelling about their ear with a mear marbel. but i whont mentuon them and take Up your bizzy time but this letter gorn On which this clarse of humans nachure to whit whomans do rambull, god dam it they carnt leave of a subjeck till they have forgot what it was and blame you like mad for some things you never knowed of prevuous. says as her old mar says as i should of married her god damn it how can you i carnt, i do not believe it. as what is her old mar shuveing her Long Nose into it for any ways. well these mar in Lors have some sorce i must say. becose i onist do not see how you can go in for Hooking your selve Up with a gurl of this tipe i do not like her specual namely i loath her i sharnt anser. as my affecksuns whont be triphulled with they whont stand it. but goes on no Turnernuss¹ fair put you in mind of the inner curcle, says william it is a nise babby a phemail well god dam this phemail riddon world i loath babbies which specuallly phemails i

¹ Evidently a variation of "terminus."—ED.

think there is some things narstey about them.
well it does make you Scratch your Pol so to say,
tork of the whisdom of the oreyants these
chineses drowns the phemail ones soon as they
Clap eyes on them. nor what specuous of Claps
traps is this, i do not beleive it is like its old par,
may i nearly announse this is the barest fased
lye i ever come On. which needles to say i
imphatickally denye it. well as how can it be
becose give us a chanse. do give us a slite chanse,
am i like a peese of soppie sewitt or arnt i. namely
no. i am not rellertives to this creecher. never
heard of it prevuous i onist am sickened of it.
damn it i think these babbies is the wurst tipe of
humans there is i do on my whurd of onours,
but which any ways steady Up i carnt alow this
tipe of questuon to come into the midis of my
bizzy time, haves a mottar it is this one to do
with moning over spilt milk, next thing i will soot
the acksuon to the wurd go of and have a bear
see if some of this sickening feelings ware Of dew
to being took for the old escaped gote onse

again, which heavonley furmanent help us i do get a bad time.

i orl right i steady UP! a b taplow a B!
 orl right orl right i do wish i wouldant knagg
 at you god dam it turn up the lite this which is
 gorn i think wish gorn i hear the clarruon call.
 writes logs duty call cheerohs old nise old nelson.
 as cheer ohs cock nise horasho i seen you i seen
 you orl right trfalger squairs gorn up in the stars.
 which cheerohs horrash nise nise horrattio come
 down of your peach have one one On me. nise
 furs clarse old Boy we are twins i think. as kiss
 me hardey god damn it hardey do kiss me i orl
 right i sware it Nise gurl dror a privit curtin
 dror i dror i onist ¹

saterday quit shanghai every thing Furst
 Clarse i am fit as a Fiddel. never feeled niser

¹ It may be that some readers will find this entry a little mystifying : perhaps it is : and yet, anxious as I am to explain obscurities wherever necessary, I cannot bring myself to put into other language a passage which is for me so illuminating, so excellently worded.—ED.

in my whole live but oh i am angry, it will take a lot to cull of some of this richuous angeryness. as clap below pick okkum i will say how the scandel crop Up. which dew to this old man been in the rnr fair thinks him selve a One, as make Ways for this tipe of beety will you, cap whang down over their eye where is my flag liftenint by the ways i am of to get the OBE from george Recks.¹ orl right go away i will shuve this mornfull questuon behind me say what happoned it is this, i mearly come quear in the legs dew to my brain being Orl Right not my legs how Evers. which damn it these legs do let you Down as gorn ashores come of, next thing make to sally of onse again say larst fair wells, what is the consiqinse christ i was surprised. as who would of creddit it he sor you

¹ This passage, on the other hand, would seem to require some explanation. Mr. Taplow refers to his being put under hatches to pick oakum, a naval punishment with which (he assumes) his present captain is familiar through having been at one time in the R.N.R. : and this suggests the reference to that famous admiral whose name is perhaps hardly well enough concealed by the original spelling.—ED.

this old munky puzzel full of brissells sprouts on his fase, clap you under hatches and pick okkum he said i was a disgrase says walk along the plank ans see if i were soaber. well as if i wasent onley my legs carry On shocking fair made you wiled i was so Up Set at them, next thing come up agains a peese of slipperyness gorn Down dew to it, i may say i challindge any ones not to of done, Humans natchure. becose what is the reasuon namely it is dew to the similuar reasuon if you was to be particklar Set on larst mach not going Out it done it. as haves no gunspouder in it. but orl right i am innersent i know it there is some thing to cheer you up in this tipe of feelings which any ways there would be if a certain Clarse of Scumbs didant prisist in anounsing you was a bad Hat which orl right they can, but i know i am a good Hat internually which sleeps blessid sleeps.

says we will go Of from this so call woo Sung¹

¹ Woo Sung : an anchorage near Shanghai.—ED.

on the morrers but these vittalls is narstey, i do not like these mates you are jambed Up with, all this wurk and every thing but takes all tipes to make a wurd but mursy i wish it didnt, next thing this ships cat have done some kittons in my bunk fair Cronick.

munday god damn us this babby keeps getting into your bizzy brain i do wish to christ it would make Of.

wakes Up questuons what were i haveing this gristley night mare of, come a shock and find this phemails Inphant fair hornting you. well god damn this babby i will not put Up with it. i will rise in my rorth i wharn it. which gives it this chause if it do not Make Of Rappid i will be soe angery i do not know what whont happon i am in dedley Earnist.

Gorn away from here i parse a niser night, i think it were dew to indignashuons. becose they are onley humans but if they arnt they are

supperHumans i means these Gosts and do not
 hornt you so narstiley when i tells them to
 Look Out for their selves. as i know they would
 of been overjoised if you was to be Cowed Down
 by them which similuar traight in humans
 natchures To whit, this old man is the spit of the
 faimus landry as not mearly seduse nise gurls
 but done them in subsingquint a Far Wurse
 Crimb. but i do not think i will notise him in
 heavon some hows, we do not Whant his tipe in
 it but i feels i shall go Orl Right but i do not
 whish to yet, one reasoun i haves every intentuons
 to wurk Up a nise consert in this ship, play in the
 harp whiles i am still alive no angles to keep on
 whurrying at you to do chunes as i am not
 struckque On.

Sunday i said it would haponn it is this mis-
 huonry he is a joner orl right and gorn whang
 into a tipe of typhoon, Very Near kick the buquet
 all in a wrything Heep. which soon as you come
 of watch thursday think to my selve a narstey

durtey night black as the neather redguon of your stummack i will shuve my head down under the piller clear of to dreams-land quick as a Wrat—what if not along come this bosun sang out all Hands. well i thort to my selve goddamm goddamm i couldant think of any other tipe of thort. Turns out whang on your wraggs and gorn along the ally we was fair In it. which mursey on their sole they need it,¹ three quarter of this crew looks to me some tipes of illergittymitt inhabitives of these faimus borlkin states. as if they was dogs their tail would be a bloods hounds legs a pekkin-geese and a tipe of german sossidge dog head to Top Up, christ what a leege of nashons and all

¹ It has been suggested to me that this phrase presents a characteristic difficulty of Mr. Taplow's prose, from the point of view of those unfamiliar with his style of language: "mursey on their sole they need it": apparently some readers are likely to be brought up here with the question, "Who are *they*, and what do they need?" But where the sense is not immediately clear the reader need seldom stop to worry it out, since the next few words will practically always bring the solution. Thus here it is seen that it is the ship's crew to which Mr. Taplow refers. And what do they need? Obviously, mercy.—ED.

the wurk leaved to the british bulls Dog namely this is me and haves to make farst this boat my selve. she fair got Of on the sprea Rampadge swang to and froa as tork of a loonattick bull in the chiner shop gorn into smitherose in no time. but me and the mate done it, trap her down by our selve, but What of it they onley tells you clear Of now—god damn it if there was any justiss in this sickening wurd i would of been in the top of the tree soon as i come clear of petty coats i fair gives up i do onist. i carnt go On in this tipe of way as do be reasonabull, the shear truth is they are jellus of you i know they are damn it i were borned Wrong i should of come in the wurd with one of these silver spoons in my jor Nip up take my captins ticquit without more adews. as they can do without you in this nise blew ocuan orl right but come to a Whurl Up low and beholds they are all roring for some ones as can do the Wurk. To whit william P taplow goddam their white wash sole.

shuve in to the cost, drops the hook¹ and wurk in this boat like a fiar engin swet and swet next thing i knowed it this mishuonry come Down on you. i knowed he would soon as you was to give him a chanse but i did not give him anney chanse but they come At you without one. i packs up i was mearly going forad and come by some pawk and beens from cookie, comes down on you which he said it is a nise evining isent it. says i didnt like the looks of it soe much Why not he said. tells him i do not know but it look omnerous. he said ar yes they do say ar a lot these mishuonries. says ar twise, shuve his head Up and Down says i suppose you sailers can tell by the heavonley boddies. replyes which boddies. which he said the stars and cetra well god damnit i thort he meaned some angles as was loombling into vieuws some wheres. goes on says you can tell the weather by the stars carnt you, Tells him not if the sun is Up they goes Out then ar yes he said. which come a stop in the conversashin i did think i

¹ Anchor.—ED.

might of got of, come by my pawk and beens but they do inter lope in your live, he said well my young freind it is a fine live. what is i said. becose i knowed what he were after but mersey on us i do not see why this specuous of mithoose-lumb should be aloud to go about say it is a fine live and never done a hands turn scrubbing decks onley with their foot and Durtey it. but he said i meant the sea it is cleen and manley, Tells him thats right sur which where Upens he gorn on says it is a nobel brother Hoods But i kepted mumb as my pawk would of all stude away soon. as damn me i heard this tipe of conversashin prevuous as these relidguous manuacs spout Up, to whit, they said as all men was brothers well damn nashon if this is soe their old mar must of plaid fairly farst and loose with a lot of dubbuous swains. or vise verser. but i did not say it to him as what good would it of done, next thing they mearly come Down on you like i do not know What. becose they fairly wrythe to and froa if you was to go agains them. as i

done it onse but he squirmed at you he were
the tipe as shuve on their coller going asturn
make out they are not comeing at you to ink
wire in your parst histories But hells bells they
would poak their nose in your Very Beds Chamber
which they would do this even if there happon
to be a nise gurl in it i sware there wouldant
be but they would do it if there Was. as steady
Up one have acksually arsk me if i give enuff
thorts to luv and co. christ as if i didant.
blarst it i garrantea ther is nise gurls as wouldant
look at him twise as would eyelope with me at a
mere Nod and Beckque, i did not arsk them to but
i know they would which this manuac have a
tipe of fase similuar to a stote i were not struckue
desparit On it. well no hanker panker how can
you be, i do not judge by appearanse but if a
fase is nise i like it if not vise verser. but he
gorn of some hows says hopes i will have a nise
long jor with you later, nips of and get my pawk
i fairly gnored it i feeled like a wolve as near dyed
of hungeryness. which not half i am soe looking

forwards to this jor i will hardley sleep i think
But durty morning watch i must.

i am of my otes it is this wurk i know it will
bring me to deaths door i know it will.

Thursday but if not it is fryeday, feeled thort-
fuller but i haves a new Boan to pick at with this
cheff. as wurk like a niggar i am readdy for my
feed, you do, i were,¹ i were up at the wheel stairs
with my eyes at the cumpass and see if it were
orl right to whit they said if not, some things had
gorn Wrong with it, but this tipe of Honerzollern
come up and i gorn down. looks forwards all
your hart and sole to some nise tin Fish but damn
us you do imaguine this cheff would of opaned
it for you and Hot it up as look at it fair, i knows
it isent the strand pallis which if it were *i should
not Put Up with it any hows*. on the conteries
gorn in the soot of rooms send down a messigde
to have some nise tin Fish did Up Quick, i would

¹ In the original there are no commas here: an instance of the
need.—ED.

be wiled if they didant oan it merely puts a oaner by it like this cheff done. i do not know what i would do but i know i wouldant let it Parse Of i onist wouldant, as pump and curcum-stands gorn of me like a ducks back. becose damn it i could hold my end Up with aney of these jukes i will see about this consert on the morrows.

saterday we was in the foxle i said who is musickal here. well i will sing Odoule said, arsk what as i do not like a lot of songs onley Some. but he said i will sing anny lorrie says orl right i will parse it. taps on the mess tabull says i should be obliged if there was some volumpteers for this sing song, as some nise musicks cheer you up no end, Tells you if i gets it up i must do some of it my selve. says natureally i would i haves everey intentuons to be the back Boans of this consert which i haves my harp and play on it fit to bring the corpses all Up from the toomb in a Wrush. arsk you what harp do you mean well

god damit retorts my jew harp, which if that is not Good Enuff i do not know what Is. i am furst clarse at imprompter musicks i do not know the noats but i can go my hand to and froa on it like i do not know What. as gets sickend of these pursons as says i carnt. i can play i sware i can. which damn nashuns it is onley if your ear is Sharp Enuff i know i knows, i havant heard this bash and betthover but i would appreesuate them like anything i know i would, says i could also sing some times but not if my voise feeled horse. goes on says to whit i could have a trye to serve up Abie My Boy, i carnt call to mind its pressisive wurdz but i knowed in this song there is a nise gurl sang out to the ordyanse What are you waiting for Now, she is acksually arsking this abie, says but any Ways i should be obliged if i do not hear any ones say some things narstey if i haves to Pull Up in the middel for a spassum i done it for their Sake, Orl right they said it is onley fair. which this AB drusker i should of said his old mar were a tipe of veriatty turn in bedlum

he said i do not mind if i was to give a sollo too. says what of, he says i could of sang anny lorrie but not if odoule thinks as he can. well christ i knowed this argewmint would Crop Up some hows which the similuar tipe have brort ruins to my conserts time after again. to whit odoule come down on his adversey fair lump of muttun tells him it is no questuon of thinks, says if i have sang it onse i have sang it thurtey times, well Why drusker said. which i thort my selve trew enuff i pittty some pursons, but they gorn at it cat and dog in a minit which this i feeled were No Bon and clear of out of the foxle. but i sharnt give up i seen little jim, the onley nise thururebreeds tipe of the hole bunch but not particklar so but he will parse orl right, he said if you was to arsk the mishuonry he might of stump up a chune in the pianor. they orfen can do it. which i said well you arsk him. orl right i might he said, says yes do arsk him, well orl right i might he said. says goddammit do then, i wish a conversashon of this tipe wouldant come Up

it might of gorn on till doomb day but stops it, says well you arsk him, goes of haves a feed of irish stue i should like to of sor more sine of meet in it but i carnt go On at this cheff i onist carnt.

as seen little jim says did you arsk the mishuonry No he said. retorts well if you had of i might of drored up a plan to come out with a nise surprise for you he said what, Says i do not know if it is anye good now but if you was to arsk him there is quite a reasonabull chanse. but he didnt bring it of but i did. but he said orl right comes back says this mishuonry doesnt know the pianor but said would a fload do, says tell him No i can play in a fload my selve. as i havant but i know i could. but no little jim wouldant go at him twice. he said what is this nise surprise taplow, tells him the chanse did not come to any thing i knowed it might of been Very Slite which so it were. becose i did not orange it onley i might of gived him a bear if i could afford to do it but i couldant of done. as not now any ways i

haves onley this meeger moneys and need every fragumint of it on your own well Fairs, i do not haddon to be benivuluant instintute. but he did not say Much he is a tipe of dworfish humans as haves to keep mumb or they would not of been there, they would of dyed of their small statew the furst time any ones come Down on them But i said i will beerd the bull orl right. it is Ruff on these Small Tipes i carnt stop and say why, dutty call i haves to be rappid, Thinks i haves no intentuons to be a british bulls dog this time their jors are so narstey but haves a mottoh it is god dam every Thing there is some things radixlly Wrong if i carnt Come At it, gorn aft to the socall states room Tap on the door and come In. which low and beholds they was haveing a feed of pye i onist did feel as there was something Up with every thing. Damn it if these mishunories haves pye why in hell shouldant Us have some. which what Are these mishuonries any ways, namely they are merely similuar to a parsuon onley they travail to and Froa fro and To like mad they

carnt stop travailing. as mone at the yellow perrils, say their sole is Wrong but this one is niser nor i thort This pye have a peese of egg in it. but these socall offisers do not give you a chanse this maight says well what do you whant tells him orl right sur orl right i would like to of spoak to the rellidguous gentelman onley not if he were took up prevuous with some things, namely feed their fase, this mate says you should of come another time clear Of. but i were never struckque on him but some of these mishuonries is niser nor i thort to look at them, they are No Bewties but gives up his pye no goddamm nothing, come right Out to you. which i said it is like this sur. says we would of liked you to play in the flook but i can play in it he said ar. but says yes but carnt you play in the pianor No he said, done quite a tipe of smile says i am realley onley an amacher but i inshured him i did not mind but he said what else could i play for you Says well i would arsk you to try a coamb onley we haves one. which he said ar i see. where Upens arsk

him has you ever by aney remoats chanse ever sang any thing. he said well i might do for you. damn it i thort Not soe much of this For You, says no it is not acksually for me, thort i would Come out with the Trooth to this mishuonry he haves more brains nor i thort, They do have them some times. but not orfen but some times. to whit said i should of imaguand you could of sang anny lorry fairly passibly as what i mean i do not know if you have sang it prevuous but i sharnt raise Up no objectshin if Not. says becose it would keep two other pursons from moning at it. but he said no I do not think i could but i said i do wish you would, i do not mind particklar if it do not hit the chune straight Of, i should like it to but it would do orl right even if you could not of toled it was It. says exept i must arsk you to say the name imphattick, says the name must be sang out Clere. but god-dammit not him he wouldant. which i were desparit says if you was to play in the flook i could do alsoe, have a nise dewitt i was surprised he

fair Snap at it says i will do it for you with plezzure. orl right i said but there is one more questuon which this does not Brook of any dillays, it is namely who is going to be Up who Down. he said what i didant quite cach tells him orl right i didant fansy you would of cort on at Onse this musicks is full of mysteruous ideers, but what i mean we carnt both do the same noats one of these floots have got to be High Up the other low down. says on the scails i meant, it is quite simpull he were fairley dense i think but grarsp at larst says ar yes we will orange that. orl right i said if you can loan me a nise float it is fixed Up. well mursey he arsk do you mean you havant one. god damn it didant i say so in a Subtile Way you carnt go On at every thing like if you was torking to a dumb Cocko, says yes i should be obliged if you would do me this slite faver, was the Retorts. as ar he said well that shuve a New Cumplexshuon on it i thort christ what is this tipe of mishuonry getting at. but wrackque my brain come to the inclushon if one of Us was to of gorn ashore in

yokerharmer they would come by a flook easy but calls this earth quack to mind, it might of done all the Floots In but i outs with it, says i fansy we could trye at this japsanese plase. it were Orl right i may say as he tells you i were going to of gorn in the country there Rappid but i could put it of a day or soe for you boyes. Orl right i said as who will bye it as i haves dutty on this day? but i do not know if i haves but i could have, But he said you needant whurry i will see it is bort. says orl right sur i were much obliged, clear Of quick, i do hope he will come by a nise one. as if not i may not be in the artistrick mood For It but i will pack Up go Of on this durtey bleeding watch Onse Agains.

Turns out stepp on a cocks roach well murder i feeled quite bibillickall thort how long oh lord namely in this Loly Wark of life. as sicken you this morning watch i thort of this tipe of pursons as jor about the gloruous dorn christ if i had my choise i would sooner this sun comed up whiles i

were Wrap Up in the mids of oblivuums. i loath this socall dorn i fairly imbommerate it. god damn me i onist must get to be a skipper some hows snoar away till your cup of tea come on the cene well hay presso i could be as jockuluar as any thing if i didant hapon to be tyred to a shadder time the days wurk start for these big Scumb, i am done Up now i carnt hardley credit how done Up i am i will stop i haves to.

damn it i arsk you i thort this pheamils inphants had gorn out of your life it should of but what next, she hornt you agains. which what are you to do mursey On us what are you to do taplow. but i wouldant do it In, i couldant it is too far Of any ways but i will announse more imphatickually nor i ever done Prevuous, if i am hornted Any More i sharnt anser for the consiquinse. no onist i sharnt as will you Clear Of phemails Inphant. becose if it doesent i am seruous this time i will show what i am made of stop with these omnerus wurdz good nights All,

Fryeday thort so, it cleard Of. haves the consert on the morrohs but come in yoker-harmer which sor the sines of fiar and brin stones but good enuff to produse a flook i fansy. i should hope any ways. but i am soe bizzzy i carnt stop to morn over these toombs i do hope my voise whont be horse and let you Right Down.

what of the date i do not care goddammit i am fed Up to my whits end i will say why. as haves this consert, i haves no intentuons to be the back boans of Any More if they was to go down on their gnee say taplow we shall be ridused to aggoneys if you was to dessert Us, no it would not make a attum of differense i wouldant do it i would sooner give some nise musicks to a hurds of sheeps i can onley say christ is there any humans nachers left as does not wurship mammuth ar taplow poor william i do think you are a marter. becose this is it, this consert wring trew in some bits but there was other Bits made you fair wrythe

in your storl which i were Up on the stadge but i knowed what it would of feelled like to a nise ordianse but this ordyanse was so narstey i was fair sickend of them to whit this consert was not a roring suxess. No i carnt go in for false Hoods i will state it were not this and it your own consert i plans out to be so nise but it would of been if this ordyanse had not of done it Right In. well they are the dregs of ditch waters i knowed it all along specuallly this frog i do loath these frogs Durtey Narrer Minded Forrin Mungrills christ i carnt think why we gorn in the war for them. No beet about the bush we all knows they run like rabbits sang out help to the nashon of shops-keepers as come over and save their scurvy skins, next thing grarsp at the moneeys fair turn your stummack but this mishuonry been and dissapoint you like i do not know what. they do some times. well they do they allways do i think. as gorn on the stadge says dror up the curtin i haves everey intentuons to make a short spich, as scoops in the old man alsoe a fairly wheard tipe of two

passingers,¹ namely you can arsk them for some bennifits for the ships mussickal sosiatties i would of start it immeduate if i were not so fed up to the throte with every thing. but they done it they drored up the curtin but it come of the hook falled on your head prevuous to i could announse a wurd. i were mad with radge but comes clear hold up your hand, says i were confiduant as everey ones here tonights would ekko my statesment like any thing to whit when i said we was specual onered and co to see the captin also some smaller fryes with us. God dam us no one clap nothing i was surprised i thort they would of. as feels a gnoring in my stummack i specual tells little jim to come in with a nise here here in the right seckond in your spich. which this were it. but god damn him lets you Right Down. i lissened but no sound strike your ear but gorn on undornted says

¹ This phrase from "scoops in the old man" is plainly to be interpreted, by any one familiar with the ways of the fo'c'sle, as "we have persuaded the captain to come, also two weird passengers," etc.—ED.

i should fancy it was not all captins as would do it, i meand come in the foxle sang-song, they was mostley more diggnifyed some hows but hay presso what of it, a dead Carm: well damm it i knowed it were a lot of humb buggs but you haves to spout it Up. but christ why didant they egg you On which this was where i begins to feel as there was some things Wrong with this consort. but says orl right i has oranged for my selve to be the furst itum as come on, gorn of hide for a bit you haves to, comes on sang abie. but no damn it i carnt say i were struckque with the way this nise song gorn down, it were onley my voise were horse, Not much but they do go it¹ when you are full of richus angeryness, i knowed it i knowed most of the wurd makes up some more imprompter onley i thort this moldy fireman as jeer at you knowed more of the ordinry wurd, he would of throwed this egg if the old man had not of been there. Well i seen even a landry is use full some times but i knowed he would of whanged it

¹ "Go it"—that is to say, go *horse*, or *boarse*.—ED.

at you becose soon as the old man and co make Of what next, it is a uprore this egg fair Humb at you. but onley cort the mishuonry as come on to accompanny me in the flook i were sorrie this egg were rotton but i do onist think this turn out to be the Helpfullist Thing it could of done as to whit it carmed every thing down like as if a vishuon had of come in the mids, a so call tuch of nacher but i were onist sorrie but they was fair Ored. as this narstey tipe of fireman seen he done wrong orl right which further Mores all this willing hands clutch on the mishuonry cleen him up with a nise peese of wrag i thort he would of fort his way clear and come at you but he thort better of it done a smile says i seen it was onley you boyes fun i am injoying my selve like any thing. which i feeled thanks full we all gorn in for different tipes of injoisements becose if this egg had of gorn over me i should immaguane this fireman would of chuckque up the gost without more adews. but orl right me and the mishuonry come on next, hands you the flook he bort but

blarst it i did think he might of bort one as long as his. nor it were not so Fat. but i didant complain onley say i fansied his float was simpuller. as god damn us it must of been, i could not get a noat out of this thin float. which he says it is a pickerlow, says play the air i will do the harmunies, tells him orl right but what of the chune, damn nashon anny lorrie was the rejoinsder becose he said which chune, tells you yes i meanted that you play it,¹ says orl right done a tipe of spitting in the hole same as him but christ these mishuonries puts you Of some hows *i did not hear this thin float make a sound.* as no i lissened but it kepted mumb but the mishuonry gorn of with some noats they did make me wiled they were the wrong Tipe. well mursey on us i near give Up, any one would of but says to my selve william see

¹ This seems to me to be the first and only occasion in these journals where the writer has not quite been able to say what he means. It is clear that the rejoinder "Damnation, Annie Laurie" must be attributed to Mr. Taplow himself, not to the missionary: however, the explanatory phrase "because he said 'Which tune?'" is there right enough, though it comes a little late.—ED.

this threw, i done it. which gorn my fingers to and froa Up and down, seen some fases jeer at you but i fairly jeered back and come to the end without a Hitch. but deval damn it i am so bloody done up, there is spyes looking in my bunk i knows it i carnt go On at this toppick it makes my nerve go right Up and stay Up. but exept this mishuonry make of in a tipe of Hough. wheather away i said, i said it jockuluar but there is a tipe of pursons as imagine onley one humans is aloud to be the joker to whit their selve, as no he were not pressisively angry but says i didnt think you would of done this under Hands thing. which no more i done, says how do you mean sur. He said you carnt play it. well christ i thort i seem to be momentively up a socall gumb tree i thort and thort as mean whiles he onley gloomb at you and make of miners the float, i would of stopped him but they do go at a raight. which bon swores i am supperier to all this narstiness i will learn up this float, better lay of now, i onley wish this consert would of stopped

in the similuar psyskologickal seckond. namely when i come on with my harp start of imprompter this insuluent voise sing out cripes. as stops immeduate, says if this voise will condersend to give some further Mores explanashins of what it mean i will retorts to it. which it said would that of been padderroosky you done or no barnarners. i knowed it, this so call patrit of yours namely this fireman. thinks orl right stands up on my dignitties you haves to i am full of them when i whants to, says come Up. says come up and Trye. says i challindge you to come up on this Selve Sames platsform play it better nor me. as says if any boddy fansies they can play it more artistrick nor me i do not beleive them for a mear trise. which this voise says play What, retorts i should imagune you are labering under Neath a fairly deep allusuon as you are humerouse which god damn it if there is one thing as gets my Gote wiled it is purson as tryes to be Funnie i do loath these so call humerisks. i carnt say why but i think they are the narstiest breeds in the univer-

sitty they haves these sower fases like same as
whasps you simpully carnt get On with them.
but hells bells i were surprised i were furuous as
who wouldant of been, as acksually haves the
Nurve to come up says orl right loan me it. but
damn it would i. which no i imphatickually
wouldant. as says twise No i fairly wouldant
think of it, mursey on Us if there isent a limmit
some wheres i do not know where there Is.
which what next you carnt credit it but onley i
sor it with my own eye, christ he knabs your harp
out of your Very Hand plays some chunes in it i
did not reckernise them. i sware i didant. but
every ones god damn it even these forrin scumb
this frog i notise him specual, they sang to it
namely tea for two but i loath it, gorn on done i
whant to be happy i loath it wurse well give us a
chance they are out of date these chunes they
arnt like bash, they get on your nerve. which
christ i am sickend i must onist stop mearly say
orl right i haves no intentuons to be the back boans
of any More conserts i wharn you and clear Of,

but this durtey frog fireman sneer as i gorn parst, christ i can Put Up with this so call english one he isent but imagune he is, but i fair toled Of this frog tells him i will scroo of his stewpid bloody nose in No time i shall i onist shall i whont stand it. but i can stand your own nashon it is the best nashon it is far and Always the best nashon. next thing i feeled my stummack quite Hollo, feed Up on some beeph i fairly gnored it to Minse But i am quite carm i am Far abuve these triphulling striphe, look thortfull at the moon i thort i whonder what this bewtifull peese of Stough is made Of i should like to insindentually know how many of these Stiffs have thort this.

i plans to do a Bunk. to whit no appreeshuations, i am Of, not a wurd there is orfen some thing about as do not Meet the Eye. i do hope my locker carnt be broak in at, They are supperstishus of my logs book all ready i know they are, thinks you are doing luve letters same as prevuous. orl right orl right but let any ones come at me see

what they get i am in my Fearce Carm Mude my jor is set. as come clear i will start a new leave i sware it no mursey on any ones in my ways along the high roads to suxess. i may say i herebyes announse i will get in the top of the tree Some Hows which by cooees¹ if no other Ways, i am a new Tipe Of Humans from Now On. which this is all it is Enuff.

i am different to all these tipes i know it i do trye to be full of some bewtiffull thorts in this Mundays Wurl but how can you, damn nashon some times a angle would tare its hare with furry at the tipe of meet this cookie dish up at you. Says is this muttun or What, wee he says it is mootun well i arsk you why carnt they learn the lang-whidge fair tipickal in this tipe not to, Arsk where the sheep come from tells you new zeeland says i thort so as they froaze it in some far climb so long ago you could heep coles of fiar on this

¹ I take this to be a reference to the slogan, "Every day in every way I get better and better."—ED.

sheeps head and wouldant thor it, Tells you it were bon meet when it come aboard says orl right orl right have it your own ways i am tyred. christ what are these materual thorts to me i gets so tyred. as go in the wilderniss chor the grarse old nebbercudnezzer christ i am a shadder of my former selve i am different i will go in the bunk dark night come in my sole.

i will do a bunk i sware i will leave them to it and lode up dung all i cairs. as narstey bloody goddammnit leave of what is the use

thursday wished i were more fonder of these japsanese gurls and take your thorts of every thing they are nise but no good i am soe fastiduous i carnt stummack them i think it is this grease in their hare reminds you of a tode too mornfull or what, well i do not know but i am tyred, i wish it could of took my thorts of the toomb. as what of suinside. but christ this make my gullit gurgal to mearly think of it. i thort of a raiser but

this safetey tipe whont give you a chanse what of poisuon but i know i should loath it. ar me i do loath every thing. i do not know what is Up onley haves this orfull feelings i am not soe clevver as i thort i were befores. as this invissibull voise say you are really a primb full taplow but i were sharp, i carnt be torked to in this tipe of way, says i do not beleive this rumure at all it is you as is It. but no good damn it no good i carnt come at this voise it is invissibull but any ways if i am a full i pittty some as isent, Good Byes i do not know if it is for evers.

orl right do not whurry i thort i were gorn but what of it i am still here, i will do a bunk sunday shuve your trust in the old angles onse again, come out full up of liberty quality inturnitty and start of proper. but what a hope they whont i know they whont but any thing better nor this, fed up and no boddy nise onley me no boddy else nise.

this fight clinch it orl right i am of, i carnt live with these humans repstiles which odoule is this

any ways, hells bells i am not struckque on the old homes land choaked up with these poleese bizzy boddies lors and co, says no you carnt by a fagg now but would you like a peese of meet and cabbidge. tells them no i bloody well wouldant but i would like a wet, Ar they anser no you carnt have this onley if you was to Go In for a nise ham sangwhich alsoe, but says i wharn you it will be too laight to bye some choxlits in a minit next thing what of your bad tuth, akes like a vyper but no the brandy bottel closed up by the lor fair gives you the Hump. but i know it but blew hell i carnt stand by alow this tipe of scumb tell you it is a durtey country well it is in Bits oh it is, Fair moldy, but pipe Down old cock i fair socked him. as he said england is going to the dogs, arsk which dogs. as he ansred dont be so god dam inquissitive says oh i are are i, Squairs up he says yes you are sit down—retorts i some how fansies i will do what i wish to some hows, will you he said. replyes i should imagern it, what is his anser. namely, it is a barstard like you should be sor and

not heard onley not sor much which this done it,
i crumpelled up his gnose with such a whang i
never could of creddit i could of done it but i
done it orl right consingquinse he come at you
fair roring. but i knowed it, i gived him wurse
nor he done me but some uncountabel reasuon
i seen a hoast of stars in the firmanant it were my
jor but holly heaven i did lamb him oh i did
christ i did give him a Time next thing they
inter lope, drags you both of, which luckey for
him i would of beet him to a white of egg if they
had not of, my jor is sor but i do pitty odoules
gnose i am glad i pitty it.¹ goddammit i am sick-
end of his fase i am not kean on any of the fases
from this Landry down they compryse of a tipe
i am not kean on. sneeking swines trye and see

¹ A friend who shared the privilege of reading the MS. with me, was puzzled to know why Mr. Taplow should have been glad that he pitied his adversary's nose. Well, it seems to me that here is a good instance of that unhesitating logic which so distinguishes this writer: obviously the latter would have been unable to pity his adversary's nose had he not believed that organ to be in considerable pain.—ED.

what i am doing, the onley nise one little jim but he wouldnt be nise if they wasnt so narstey, Not a gutt in him he is holloh. well poor little jim he so ridicklusly under stocked But i may say where is odoule now, well he can go of get his durty gnose straight in the bond street bewty parlors no interist to me to whit without more adews i shall go ashores liburtey on the morrows all your privit properties nor not come of Any More i am carm as a cow i will do it. which they needent whurry.

orl right i orl right orl right dont Whurry at me. as whats the use of whurrying kit bagg old Cock. as wish hay presso i am in magnissifisant spirrit but wish my privit blew silk mufflar come back serch to serch froa god dam this goverment done you down onse agains were is it? i would of gorn of but wher ans oh where but damn us who cair? not will p tap old Buoy, no beet about the bush magnifissant i do not know When i swelt swise nise scrise i should

not of tryed to do it. i know i has had too
Much i know it but damn it i do feel powerfull
damn it i do feel power full

chooseday well hossanner i think some things
must of happoned some Wheres. as i feeled of
my otes some hows But Orl right as make no
misstake i am Orl Right but this is Very Curuous
i think nise providense must of took your part at
larst it did not Thwort You. as i fansy they must
of come to the inclusuon my sole is wurth being
nise to after Alls, i could of toled them it i
always said it were but dont you have to go On
at them ? but christ i was surprised my plan wurk
far Beyonds my wildist hope and turn out
pressisively as i thort it would, namely finds this
lodgeing shuve your parst live behinds you in a
tryse. as dratt us i will burn to a mere sinder
if i am not Much Obliged to be Out of this tipe
of so call ship, i said it were a leege of nashuns
orl right everey boddy loath their best freind and
a tipe of musselleeny pressidant. well haves a bear

and brort up with a Jurk as calls to mind i were
Not to of had it. but you carnt keep on thinking
of these memeries mursey on us they get on your
Nurve.

Wakes up seven bells afternoon watch¹ i
thort cheer ohs no narstey knaggers but next
thing i did whunder if this japsaneese house is
bilt proper and stand Up agains the ravidges of
time and Tides. becose i sware i herd a peese
of earth go quack in the night i do hope it is not
going to tumbel Down. as josher done it to
jerrykos fair ruined it. but speeks to the old gurl
but the tipe as onley knows suffishuant wurdz soe
she can make some moneeys to whit from seamens
with it, but i knows she haves some nise damnsils
up her sleeve but damnit she must of sor i am
in the high roads to suxess. Jor set nor do not
glanse at nise gurls onley brush them out of your
Parth. but any ways i carnt cunjer up any luv
for these japsaneese gurls i do not know why but

¹ 3.30 p.m.—ED.

i carnt. but gorn to the caffey sor this americans seaman haves some nise anglow americans freindships comes back turned right in soaber as a Fish.

god dam this is seruous, i sure herd another quack larst night a tipe of rore like as if old lots wive had of looked back onse again consiqinse we all knows what happoned next but haves some tonnicks keep your nerve from going up to braking points in the nickque of time. as if the earth was to yorn under your foot what Of it. to whit i should say oblivuums, but prays nise providense to keep a eye lifting wharn you if any things was to happon Rappid.

Fryedays i carnt larst out long this Out Looks is Black as Ink. as gorn of leaved your pay as dew to you with musselleenie but i will hornt the caffey see if any thing come of it. god damn it i arnt mangey you haves to, to whit the proverb humans carnt live on feeds aloan—eggs fish onyons is the tipe but some hows i carnt stum-

mack more nor one or two of eech at a feed alsoe
haves some sarkie but god damn it give me bear.
as i will rephrain to say what this sarkie put you
in mind of oh revoirse i am sleepie as a Hogg.

saterday but if it isent i carnt help it but thort
a lot about these quacks in the night, i feeled if
my time peese also monneys was safe under the
piller Thort mursey on us it isent. which i gorn
fair pail to the lips at this gristley crimb leest i
would of done if it hadant of been dark which
the prospective looked gloomby as the ravons
Tress, i fair scouled with rorth. but orl right
calls to mind this monneys in your neck chiff
and dror a profounsive sye of gloruous reliffs.
but some hows i didant stop haveing thorts my
brain fair leeped from thort to thort which like
a flee onley niser i am not struckque on this
specuous of Bugg. as it is a tipe of brain as goes
best when no inter lopers looks at it, It is shye i
think. as orfen and orfen some unbomberabel
tipe of man have said some things i didant like at

all i would of wyped him on the deck with sarcassisms but it is Wheard my brain did not produse them till this scumb gorn out of ear Shots which why Not. as arskes the aking void so they say but it keeped numb as Mud, but gorn on seen these ravidges leaved their foote mark every whers thort it were gomorrer orl Right. namely i thort these japsaneses must of purpeterate some things fairky Bad to of dessurved this wrackque and ruins, i should of fansied the cappitall of the old homes land to whit london would of come fairly near desserving it at this raight. stands to reasun becose look at orl the rich pursons as whont go threw the eye of the needel in It. as chock fill of them. stoughs their selves up with patty far grarse minse pyes christ nor i do not know what, Step in their rolling roise done a spich some wheres say i do think no ones should be unimploised in this Furst Clarse country, There is wurk for all and sunsry abundantsley. which i may say there would not of been any for these pursons if they did not hapon to have

some golden tuths to chor their feeds Up with.
as seen the phemail tipe of this comes down to
my old par and mar, tells you it is no good to be
a porper. well we knowed that But you can
come Out of it they said oh can we we anserd.
which yes was the retorts, as dere me certinley
it is merely a questuon to be awair there is some
things niser Out sides this particklar narstey tipe
of live, i may say tells them old mar come from
pallistine, which her linual ansersur were habber-
Kuk so we should ort to know about this outsides
wurd. in addishuon to which us tells them as
Par been to wurk In a drain under neeths their
own fashionable clubses, ar they said. which us
thort ar yourselve clear Of. but damn it no
they go on at you with these phillantoppicks
till your stummack turn on you but hay presso
it is all in the bible as befores to whit divers fair
jeer at Down Trod lazerus, Wrapt their furs
around them and away they gorn, lyes down in
a sofer arsk the butsler to kindly fetch them in a
nise can of tea and some nise pans cakes Orl right

some things will Blow Up one of these days i wharn them, i will say in parsing with regards to habberKuk it is all a Shere Have On, my old mar never come Down from this saint. no she didant but how can you tell, she might of. becose hells bells some of these saints did go the pase look at all the biggits¹ in this holy tipe of book fair biggit one after the next but there is a wurser tipe nor these phemails to whit they was told Of in the money banks and wurship mammuth like mad well it carnt go On. i know it carnt i prophisise it carnt. but i shall be obliged if i am Out of it when this Big Bust Up lays it in the humbel dust but i should of like to of rescewed some of the innersent ones. damn it there is some nise gurls in this nattive Spar of yours william. no hokey pokey you dont here of them onley if they was done in by a narstey villon or gorn in the parks when they should Not Of, no announsement in the wirliss which they keeps this inventuon

¹ One can only guess that this word might have been written "begats."—Ed.

to say about the Big Humb Buggs but these under grounds is a sheething mass of these nise gurls god damn it i know it i seen them. niser nor any wheres, i do hope they are all rescewd proper but the innersent Do suffer for these durty dogs crimbs. they do they allways do, What is providense Up to as surely i should of thort they could of sepperaight the sheep from the gotes but no they whont they never done it. christ isent my immaginashons going along Swift i seen a vishon of these nise nise gurls all in the under grounds Tub, Gorn to the offise tip write and cetra nise silk stocking nise shindelled hares i could do with some of these nise tip writing gurls, thinks i could do with some so call seckrities my selve i orfen wish i were Out of this stewpid sea. as go in the offise hang Up cote hat stick, morning nise gurl which tip write this Out will you and no damn beet about the bush. god-dammnit look at the moneys as roalls in dew to it. but i will leave Of i may say i ignor this tipe of monney grubling live like any thing, i do i seen

Too Much of its whickidness. as never mind
wheres i knows i knows orl right i will corl a
halt i am fair wore out dew to my brain lit up
with burning Thorts, they thinks i carnt have
thorts becose i am onley a ruff seman which not
soe much of this blarsted ruffness if you dont
Mind as orl right Orl Right we shall See.

saturday november 12 gorn in the caffey as
mursy it have turned so savidge cold i carnt
hardley bear to be Out of it My new pall is
Furse Clarst.

Turns out feeled i am not rampadingly struck-
que on this plase i carnt see what there is to
Do in it. not a jap, no house to bild Up ferrit
congkrit,¹ but these nise gurls are Orl Right but
i should like to mearly announse onse again in
Parsing, i am so *goddammned fastidious* and
pack Up with this questuon. but these quacks
do hornt you particklar as i notise them but no

¹ Ferro-concrete (?).—ED.

one else done. i allways do know when the supper natureal is on the Muve i hear it mone some times like a tipe of arse was going along in the ground fair moneing to come Out, god dam it i do not mean any thing Wrong, i infur to the donky tipe of arse which these wurd do tye you Up in narstey knots some Times But i sor my nise new Pall and haves a Game or Two.

chooseday seen my nise new pall haves a game or two i were surprised, tells you he were On the Spot when this big quack come of. says what were it like he said i didant like it. i thort not, which the furniss roring fiary and co come on the sea dew to some oil done in the brake-water fair scorched these moters as gorn on the pear which a liner gorn Of in the nickque of Time, tells you every thing laid into pandermoanillum in a mear seckand. says ar i could easy credit it says i fansy it would of been like a wolve on the fold come in a purpal tipe of horse and set every thing to pillidge in a Whang. which he didant

anser you, arks was it like what i said, tells you it might of been but if you was to put it in english i could say for certain. Retorts you fair showed up your igneranse old son but i should not of said it he didant, but i said if i carnt speak my own tungs there is some misstake some Wheres, i should say he said. well grarnted i might of been Of the Nail this time for onse but i said i were onley saying some of the wurds wrote by our old barred. arks you to coff Up who this barred is—says orl right but you would not of herd of this tipe of old english poitery writer it is onley old william shake spears, i do wish i had not of said this. becose i were surprised he says if your gorn hand out bunk at this raight buoy im of, says becose i knowed more about this old barred of yours nor the whole lot of you english semen in a Bunch. as thinks orl right we will close Up this insiduant it do not matter a Wrap and go in for some more anglovs americans friendships becose goddamm me i should not be surprised if he were right they do know a lot

about every thing these americans. as some hows they appear to of found all the Nise Things out prevuous to you comeing on the Cene. Which i may say what is the reasuon well christ it is becose they haves so much monney dew to us bulls dogs not haveing It but i didnt say it to him. as does no good but any ways he is furst clarse i like him i like him more and more as Time goes On.

i thort i would get a nise tipe of kimoner for some nise gurl i might strike up Friendley with some wheres. but i couldant get it becose haves a opposit thort in the shop. to whit i thort i might of got this blew one but if i were to of had it a hunderd to Nort she would arsk you god dam me why is this not a red kimoner Even a green kimoner but a blew kimoner christ. they do do it. namely alsoe my perce is not a tipe of alladders lamp it gets empteay all of a suddin nor i carnt summons Up a nise which to fill it with, i do wish these whiches was not orl

burnt to peeses in the antick ages But drops
in the caffey but it is onley to be reboughed with
a loathsome peese of dissappointments. to whit
my pall were no wheres in evidduanse, my nurve
is fair aking to know if he is Orl Right i shall be
wiled if he has gorn of becose i may say i wun
more nor i should like to of lorst larst night but
it is shere friendships as makes me soe Whant to
clap eyes on him agains. which i think some
sleeps will do me more good nor what any ones
would creddit i will Put it to the Test Immeduate.

i feeled indisspossed. as both your jor and
sole Snapping at you momentively Where is this
so call pall, god damn it i did think he was not
going to of let your Right Down. which blew
hell william if this is so it is a end to anglovs
americans friendsships right Of it fair smashes it.
nor this is by no mean orl, i haves this sickening
tooth mursey on us no ones to arsk what is good
for a Bad tooth but i knows some brandy would
of curd it i know it would, which Further Mores

may i say my supplyes of faith hopes charrities
carnt larst out agains a loanley tuth for ever and
anons, ill sleep see if i am better when i wakes up
but blarst them these gnoring tooths whont
let you.

i say god dam this tuth. i say god dam and
blarst this big knashing bounder of a tuth. damn
natuon when it come out i sharnt hessitate i
shall grind it to a attum under my heels Turn
you into a raveing manuac im fair Drove Sick.

Fryeday 19 twenty One seen a what a me Jigg.
as in come falled on his neckque i reelly i over-
joised i am still. hallylooger i sware it. as dere
old will taplows damn me god damn me damnn
me i feels Orl Right i soaber i challidge them i
say Stone Coled. i challingde them. i say i
challindge them. no anser i knowed there
could not of been as how could they of, sang abie
i knowed How and give three cheers for your old
pall as which one cheer more fair Roring full

Up. i do not denye. which what. i say speek
Up what is this! says taplow. says god blarst
your meeger sole taplow what are you Up to
as up to i do most imphatically denye it. becose
says pull selve Up immeduate which do you
under stand this, orl right orl right i will i orl
right i haves this tuth ake i arnt the angle gabbrule,
Humans nacher, Which nise angle do have
mursey on Us as personlly i aquits every one.
god dam it no matter what they done i say
hands Of! becose if i had been arskt to go along
this plank tails Up head down arms swinging
natureally from the hipps i could of done it.
christ i poo poo the suggestuon i couldant i
fairly poo poo it i poo it poo right of the map.
they carnt come it over me. as dere old will
tap i am benevoluant to the Extremes. which if
olly they knowed it! May i say if oneley they
knowed it i could have the wurd at my Foot?
as desserves it, should give my utterest farthinging
to the old widder say orl right orl right do not
thank me i will starve to death but it is a mere

triphul. i cut to the quicks but you are
 Thurstier Pur Haps. i am nise i am too nise
 to be sollotide. nise gurl i would of been so
 Kind, dere nise gurl weep over taplow toomb he
 is so loanley a tere come in his eye. as sit in the
 beds by its selve done logs books as duty corl
 nor which seen a what a thing aloan at its mursey,
 They do not have it. as narstey great jor poleese
 shark ar nise gurl dere nise gurl nise phemails
 Inphant your old par come. becose dere sweet
 hart onley us togeather no ones else. becose i
 give up i am not so bleeding cair full as we all
 thort. dere loveing gurl i make amens i ¹

i feel Primb i sware it what else nessary to say

i am of my otes some hows. as done a game with
 old steve i knowed he were orl right pay up like
 a gentry no banks rupturs this time but any ways
 supperier to monneys, No help to your sole they
 onley piles up temptashons millinares and co

¹ Entry breaks off: the diarist, one assumes, falling asleep.—Ed.

make a parth down the trackque to the neather redguons, i will sleep i feels innersent as Lambs.

seen old steve haves a argewmint in the mids of your anglovs americans friendships becose tells him they was too full of coff mixtur. what he said, says orl this jor. he says whats the ideer, retorts not you, never is us nise small fryes as done it but all these big Humb Buggs. says he were beet i said orl right says see here. says god dam these bounders they never done Nort onley scoop in the dollars, next thing coff up how magnamerus they been which namely these pressidants you gorn in for. says to whit old williams cullidge and cetra, tells me i got the names wrong. says god blarst it what of it i carnt keep Up with all the pressidants but come to the same in the end. as says further Mores kills the fatted carve but they never fatted it we done it. as he said lissen, says no by christ i sharnt i gorn on tells him whang out, these detts is

ridicklerous becose why. says becose why not, it all come out of the old homes land but not out of the Frogs, we all knows they loath loaning any thing we all knows That i fansy. as says no ones knowed it better nor these big Humb Bugg pressidants which thort well give us a chanse we dont want a uprore, thort god damn our sole these bulls dogs is too full of this nise traight namely onerabelness—haves the larst pound of Flesh they will pay Up orl right no Fuzz but come to these frogs and screw it out of them, there would of been another big Humb Bugg war on immeduate. but i wouldnt stop, he tells you see here buoy lissen, says hold on onley a minit i thort well they done all the joring prevuous said further mores they should of been made to stue in their own joose What joose he said. says to whit namely some of the narstey whiskey joose as come in the country dew to them being so parched. says becose when i were in new york larst i been in pud cronins tipe of easy Bar, which god dam us he said, Tells

the jap fill up these glarses will you, arsk did you say you knowed pud cronins plase—retorts christ didant i. as says when i were in it larst holy heaveon wakes up whished i had of kept Out of it. says becose i liked it i fair luvd it but how i loathed the narstey whiskey joose as come in it christ alsoe this so call simpat hetick gin. well godamm the stough it do make you simpat hetick orl right but not in the lite of dorn which these alks was dew to pressidant cullidge i said, hows that he arsk you. says it stands to reasuon. which becose twice as much come in as there would of if there had been no big Humb Bugg Hippo crit Stiff was to of brort his fist down and said as it shouldant. which it is twice as bad costs twice as much and surve you with twice times a wurser stummack in the morning. well he said thats so but it were in hardings time, retorts steady Up who cairs, these pressidants come and go Too Rappid but no boddy carnt denye it as can they? which he said no nor goddammit they dont trye to onley the sosiatties to keep down vise. Close

up the argewmint amnickabel all agreed it were a durtey bloody flashko which tells him orl right have one on me, Says sure.

seen steve arks what of the dets. he said speek english i said what of a nise privit orange-ment becose namely old stanily baldwins pays out orl these dollars to cal cullidge us nise small fryes should get some of it Back keep the anglows american freindships going full Bat. He cort on he cort on orl right. well i like him damn it i needs to this wheather is Garseley. drors to a end larst padge i will get a nise new book start of proper in it. becose this old padge get on your nerve, they do, which like if a hungery dog was to of been choring at it consiquinse it is the wrong tipe of symbull similuar to if a gnored peese of ham was to of come on the tabull i should think well dogs is dogs they are nise but what of it, i do not feel inclined to this peese of ham. which no thank you please clear it of. as pur haps the puzzy cat will be obliged if this dog is too fas-

tiduous, which She would then of said dere me i thort you was hungry. retorts i thort so too but some curuous reasoun it wared Right Of. as this meet is deliuous but i carnt gnor it some hows i am at a particklar loss to be awair why my appotight is so week but goddammit it is, i will pack up this sickening toppick, but i will carst of this old book but nothing Wrong but humans nacher incrimmerates you like i do not know what. oh it does i imphatickually State it does. orl right how evers i know i am nise i should not be surprised if i am the nigest tipe of man Hoods there is. but perrish them there is pursons as Do Not think so. thinks no it is Us as is nise but come to you we may say you are so narstey we simpully carnt let you come in our live, god dammit i do not wish to i should loath to. orl right stoe your umbreller gum-loshers and co some wheres else, i haves too much bizzy time for this tipe i shall go out for a wet prevuous to this new book start, it is my larst chanse damn it i must Snap at it.

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Fair under the wheather i must start this new live Rappid my nerve is tryed to the utterest. but gorn out sor old steve, says what of stanily ? he says What. tells him god dam it surely i do not have to go into this teduous questuon onse again to whit stanily baldwins cal cullidge and co. which cort On every thing parse of, which finish up this durtey dog ear book now as hold you back, which thank the lord Trully i may say.



BOOK II

SUNDAY december Eleven Nineteen hunderd
20 seven—furst minit to your selve not a mear
seckind before or sinse, a so call day of pease
well pease if this is pease let us all go back in the
war i am sickend beyonds the indewranse of jobs
as to whit. as nameley before brekfast onley
scrubb severil squair mile of deck with holy stone,
after brekfast onley merely haves to cleen Up
half a tun of brarse-wurk wrigg up a orning gorn
to church under it and prays like mad for the
delliveruans of misserabel sinners, well mursey
on us i did pray Next thing you are free as if you
was on the doal gorn there in the morning to
dror some nise herose half dollar haves a wet
with it larst thing at night when your monney
come, god help us you are thurstey by this time.

which after noon merely gorn on watch comes down trye and tidey out the lockers şwore at by all these Tipes, haves a lap of tea sits Down gets Up again sits down gets Up what the deval next. christ i dont know i gives up onley thinks what a nise day of peese so pease full i do like the nise kind offisers i luvv them. which blarst their sole to purdishuons i do not know if i ever loathed any ones so scruously as i loath these offisers Damn it there tipe of brain is wrong. as dew to this soshul swurl, i should of state i do not happon to be in a ship no by christ but i am in a droring room goes along in the sea fair cronnick, which it will do but it carnt start dew to some things but it has gorn and comes to a dead horlt christ i am fed Up i will do dittoe. I should of been a Knob in the saloons i am Out of Plase i sharnt put up with this as no i sharnt. i haves too much wurk i haves far too much wurk. damn it why didant your old par come out of this drain start of learn Up in regards to these soshul swurls i might of been in the mids of orl this, i

haves no wish to but i might of been, plush
fords top hat and co god damn it they are laizy
these pars. but i sharnt stand it no chanse for
the dog as starts under neaths, the whole plase
fair took Up with these sickening stiffis i am
tyred to the very lips i will come to a full stop
i desserve it.

vittals durtey as damn nashon i will say Some
More in this toppik.

Fryeday damn it i arsk you, says to this man
aldrige parse the salt will you, he didant. says
god damn and blarst your fishes eye will you parse
the salt or whont you No anser. orl right fetch
it my selve tells him orl right mark my wurd
you will rew this i may say i am sickend of your
kidnies and clear of. i will stop i do not like this
croud as parses behinds your back boan, peer in
the book they do i knows they do, i will go back
in the feather bed i dont think. bon Swores all
you durty dicks.

Finds this burt aldrige is deff as a gaight post well christ i do pittty these dumn nutes but why carnt they parse the salt without you arsking carnt they see it is stued muttun.

Saterdag i should of like this new padge to start of deasunt but same old storey soon as you starts of on the Upwards trackque along come some thing carst you down and look for crumbs under the rich mans tabull onse again it is the lor is wrong but what can you do, Steady up i am not the primb minnisture but what is there specuallly primb about this tipe of lord? i carnt see it but any ways i am sick to deth of this subjeck. to whit come aboard this tipe of baron-gariars, i would not of it is too big but your pall gorn of some wheres else—No flyes in the oints mint, simpully gorn of ammickabel. it is what palls do and clap eyes on them next time in the happyey land or vise verser. but orl right seen the chanse loomb up says to my selve Snap at it william, them as hessitates is lorst but i

thort god damn us what do this proverb mean,
Lorst. becose fair cronick i never hesitate from
the Cradel Up but lorst every damn thing soon
as it come in your hand. but any ways thort i
would have some nise tattos before i gorn of out
of this mysteruous east which holly heaven it is
this. as where do all these Delicuous Oders come
from. which my old par would of been at home
in it christ wouldant he. but gorn in, gets the
tatto done on your arms i whish i had not Of.
becose it whont come out, what of the poleese as
onley haves to say it is a nise looking tipe of
humans some tatto on their arm to whit namely
a nise danseing gurl on one, She haves no nicquors
on but dam nashon what of it, i should fansy
there is a Fair Nomber of so-call gurls wares
nicquors whont go Up in the angles but some
as Do Not will. as denye this which who can.
but this gurl is nise this gurl is twinging her
leg fair round your arm i do like her which haves
a lauff on as would thor a bishupp, it should any
ways but would it, well let us Hope. but i sharnt

give them a chanse but opposit haves a nise plate of froot Peese of nise pawk some sossidges done round it a glarse of larger fair foaming up the top which i may say i should like to insindentually be awair How Many other pursons haves this vuiews done on them It is unick i should fansy, Consequinse the poleese pick up your trackque like a bloods Hound. well damn it i am allways doing throtless things becose simpully becose i did not hapon to think in regards to them, it isent my brain is Wrong No my brain is Furst Clarse but i do not denye i am Whurried. you are cort in a tipe of trap you carnt come clear as next thing along come a tipe of edger walliss, says Har. which Har what do i find. which why perrish Us if this does not hapon to be the faimus william taplow the desparit criminual we was All After, which come along shuve the cuff links on this bounder see and do him in at dorn it is all Up shere miss took indentitty and the riprive come too late by a hare breads. but goddammit the lor whont compissate

you it carnt but it wouldant if it could of—Mursey on us i am feeling so moldey i think my life is blarsted i do onist.

i gorn parst the deck where these Swurls was at this game of so call quorts. which well i thort if this is what we do when we comes into a leggissy i fansy i sharnt troubal to go In For the calcutters sweap next time After Orl. Fair seckond child hoods. Turns out told of to wash the paints wurks on bee deck. which starts Of done a squair mile along come prinse charmings fetched up in Fansy Dress gold lases and co, arsk are you wurking on this. says No i were licking it i like the taist. well holy murder it was my tung as took the wurdz out of my mouth What a narstey noise. as says ill report you to the captin says this insullanse is intollable, says who do you think you are torking to what name what the deval and cetra ad finnitums—Thort to myselve ar tempar tempar norty prinse charmings. but thort better smooth this Of some hows

william, says orl right sur thats Orl right, fansied i were torking to one of my mates begs pardum and co i finds it is Other Wise. which yes he says it bleeding well is, tells him Orl right Orl right dont labor these points, christ he gorn up on his diggnitties but i fair whitherd him you can if you knows How. next thing says why are you washing down this paint wurks any ways, Tells him told of to. orl right, outs with his titty titty hankerchiff rubs it on the drye peese, says i thort so this bulkhead were washed yesterday in addishuons to being insulluant you are a prise full, carnt you see this peese is cleen. thats right sur i said, which mursey on our bewtifull sole this curuous little offiser then swells Up into a full blowed turkey Cock stamp its foot says oh oh calls you a half whit becose says for christ sake do Not keep on saying thats right sur, havent you no intellingenses and away he gorn. well i thort this is a tipe of Eaten Buoy orl right like in the song. but merely hums a nise chune to your selve gorn forrid carries on with a new peese but if they was

to arsk me i may say damn nashuon i never sor
 any differinse between the peeses i washed nor
 them as i havant. but orl right if it please these
 tipes some pursons havant got over the Babby
 Stadge of bighting at every thing as comes to
 hand, they will fix their tooth on a snake in the
 grarse one of these days i wharn them. well this
 statesment brittons never shall be slaves make you
 lauff like a Hogg some times What offers to rule
 these nise waves for a change i am for a Knap.

Turns out scrub decks swet like a tode parse
 your frozin muttun to the puzzzy cat turns in one
 day closer to the toomb, sined william taplow
 Deck Hand, i feels more like a hole corp nor a hand.
 Fair Shuddering Orfull.

thursday seen a lord i would not of thort it.
 but squeejeing the deck along come a tipe of tubb
 thinks oh mabell arnt we comeing On, all in white
 where could the brides groom of got to i wunder.
 white spots on your ankul gold pinse gnose, cigar,

Wrings on your fingers—Says to my selve william this would of been a Swell if it was longer not so surcular. arskes the stuard what have we here he tells you it is sur albert j[——] well god damn me i was surprised says is that onist a sur. yes he said sniffie like, didnt i tell you it is sur albert j[——] says orl right orl right we all knows you told me i merely said i should not of thort it christ i do loath these stuards. which they go in for sneering at you, as if a lord come in the ship they fairly wrythe in fronts of It. consinquinse out come the checks book their heads gets swolled Up in no time. But arskes is there a lot of lords in this pacquit, he said there is a number of titalled ladies and gentel mens if that is what you mean— Says yes clarinse dere your brains does wurk rappid doesnt it, is there any jukes but no retorts, i hurt his feeling i think. Tells him orl right furdynans for my sake do not let this greaf upset your stummack and gorn of i should of like my sarcasms to of sank in but what a hope. as who is this bleeding trypes murchant any ways.

mursey i do hope these locker locks is safe as keeps all my privit logs books in it, i thort of diss-possing of it but i didant know wheres as carst your bread on the waters next thing some particklar Gnosey tipe of phemail is choring over it, i would of burnt them to a sinder but i didant like to which becose damn it this would surve you with a pain in the abdummumb like if you was to of took arsnick where upons thort you would of like to of gorn On a bit after all, but where is the antygote it do not turn Up till you are in the toomb but i may say if any bloody sickening gnosey parker come at my locker he is For it.

Scrub decks and co i am sickened of saying this haves no intentuons to say it again i think life is a Wearie Pillsgrimmage. but arsk mathews where this nise plessure cruise end up. he said frisco we will be paid Of there which thank the lord for small murseys it is particklar small but thanks for it the same. as may i arsk what this so call ship is afloat for, i carnt make it out i am new to this god

damit i should hope so, i didnt sign on to be a Made of all Wurk. nor personlly where the plesure come in dew to this quorts whanging this stewpid great borl about and cetra next thing all gorn ashore in a wrush and Snap Up photto grafis of the mysteruous eest i carnt see it,¹ i am thanks full we are clearing right Of Out of it. as what of all this cenerys well damn us all i appreshuate it i think it is bewtifull as much as any ones but i carnt go on staring at it internually as what Of it. christ almighty all this stairing at cenerys gets on my nurve as what is the stough For any ways. well it is one of these old cookies toors orl right, they dont call it this becose there is lords in it but i knows i knows orl right they carnt doop me. i will menshuon in Parsing i seen this sur agains, thort moses if this is trully a sur i should of been a marquist easy becose if vurtews is onist your onley rewards for being so meegerly humbel hell i dont think much of the way this wurd is slung togeathers.

¹ *i.e.* "I can't see where the pleasure comes in."—ED.

i am still alive i do not know why exept hells bells i seen even less reasoun for some other pursons to be, bon swores tap old Son.

i were hungry seen a nise peese of cheese in the saloons nip in Snap it Up. but i might of knowed it, if any things looks specual Fetching no croud around it is a Baight, out come the stuard says what are you doing here is this the foxle. Tells him if he was to studdy the so call eller-mensual geograffies of a floting palliss you might be abel to anser this curuous questuon your selve which Up he gorn on his Hind Leg says take that cheese out of your jursey or i will spik to the cheff offiser at onse—Says oh you will will you, says Orl right trosky when does the rain of terror com-mense shil voo plase oh dere oh darling i think he must of been a onley child he did get facshuous. as tells me this cheese is for the gentries which pursons as can appreeshuate it oh is it i said i know your tipe of clarse. to whit thinks becose a purson happon to be dolld out in fansy dress con-

siquinse they must have a Dellocat Stummack full of Artistrick Ideers and cetra, alow me to tell you my old par which god have mursey on his sole he needs it i never knowed such a uneasy purson to be a angle before or sinse but i didant say this to the stuard but tells him there was nothing my old par liked better nor a nise dish of horse doovers Get Out said this stuard. which retorts Orl right nonqualant says i will go immeduate as so will this cheese, We done it. as gorn straight of and eat a bit well hay presso this were the narstiest tipe of cheese i ever fix my tooth in i was surprised There is good cheese and bad cheese. which this were the larst Named. but christ this stuard is so similuar to a grovelling wurm i should of thort some tipe of blackie burd would of took him in its jor long sinse but if i was a blackie burd i should not of, christ i should not Of.

Turns out clere the phog from your eye and sor the mountins thort ar so i am back in honner-lulu where the nise lulu songs comes from But i

sharnt discribe Any More of this Thurd Raight plase, leave it to sossiaties as gorn ashores seen a tipe of cow as do not haddon to be a inhabbitive of your nattive lands, thinks gracuious Us isent this bewtifull romansick well tar tar i do hope they writes a nise letter to their ants and unkals in regards to it, i am of to sleeps my selve.

sunday christmas time and all what cheers who would of thort it but haves a minit to my selve i will say what have happoned, i been in the briney one thing. which gorn in to save this full of a phemail as gorn over board god dam her i should of let some ones else do it onley gorn away in the boat and told of to fish this tipe Out, well what a narstey fase she haves on. but leans over but it was so ruff i loosed my ballinse next thing i were drowning. which thort so, this is what come of all this jor in regards to laying down your live for a purson, *you mearly dye your selve*. God damn it i was angry i seen her fase but seen

the boat furst which struckue out for it without
More Adews. i would of help her at onse but i
didant like her. but next thing finds she is
Comeing At you gets bewtween you and the
boat think damn me i am in a narstey enuff
plight my selve carnt this repstile keep Of.
but says to your selve Steady Up william grabs
her particklar narstey hare, proceed to toe her
along, what happon. god dam i sunked. but i
wouldant say dye holds farst on this hare thort
i have started to rescew this full of a phemail i
will do it if it mean both on us going to the
bottum. which mersey i thort we would of.
as gorn down come up gorn Down. comes Up.
gorn down seen your parst live loombing at you.
comes up thinks Larst Chanse which plase will it
be, next thing comes to your selve thort this fase
gloombing at me is not the tipe of angle i were
prepaired to see. i honist was annoised i thort
god damn it the scumbs they must of sent me
down belows after all which Why? may i arsk.
but they didant it were orl right which i should

hope Not. as next haves some brandy some
specual meet rashons Not Too Bad but i may
announse i haves no intentuons to rescew Any
More of these whomans becose i arsk you next
day she send for you, i thort this is a bit of Orl
Right i did not Do it for a rewards but blew hell
i do not know what Else i done it for. as done
Up your hair shuve on some parm ollives regular
slap Up gorn along and seen her. haves a miss
givings at onse she were ugily as sin but i thort
hansume is as does, thinks she will come all over
bewtifull immeduate but not her, she gets ugilier
and ugilier as time Goes On christ if the fairy
prinse was to of set of to rescew a prinsess of this
tipe he would of wracked his brain curuously to
be awair which was the draggon, i was wiled at
wrisking your happye live for this. as arsk are
you the brave sailer as saved my live Said yes but
it is a mere triphul i onist do not know why i
done it—well give us a chanse this was modist
i did think she would of liked it but damn it no
she gloomb at you very Cold. which seen i

should of said some things different, make haist tells her i onley done my dutty i would of saved the wurst tipe of old Broak Down Cat in chrissum-dumb which hell she looks so narstey i were at my whits end what to do but gorn on says a proper no hokey pokey puzzy cat not a humans tipe i fair wrush on Rappid tells her you come out of this ordill furst clarse mother. well moes this were a brick orl right i seen it immeduate but save us you carnt pleese these antick ones. whatever you says they fansy it is a snear at their gurl hoods haveing wore Of, well it is what happons to all gurls inventually they carnt keep being nise. but some thinks they can but she said Very Stiff i am glad i come out of it well, tells her yes miss which thinks to my selve har bloody har, *miss* indeeds, but says yes you was fine fair cronnick as did any ones say as you looks a frite in the water. says no says no twise fair Snaps at you but gorn on says i made up my mind to give you a little pressent in tokens of my gratitudes, would you exept this small silver

mach box god damn her sole what insulanse it were Wore Shiney. but orl right says certinly i will which give it to some one as smokes. oh dont you she said christ dont i smoke what a questuon dont i smoke indeeds, but i may say not for this pheamils bennifits as didant i save this meen old mares life and offers you this garseley mach box in retorts. well give her creddit it does signifye as i should not of said their live was wurth more but you do imagune she would of shued a higher prise on it her selve. but these pursons are nearly a mass of trivial thorts about their own stewpid little lives How to go on living and cetra, well as if any boddy caired. christ i may say i would of eat my supper without not one meegeer pang of mornfulness if she was to of been eat Up by some crabs at the similuar seckond i am mursifull to the Extremes but some times pursons are so narstey i becomes vise verser in a whink of the eye. as what does she give you i say what does she give you. which announse onse more What Does She Give You i wish to say to the

utterist imphatickallness i am disgussed with this
phemail further mores i am sickend of her to the
Very limmits of my tempracher nor it is no use
appeeling to my better nachers i haves varst
quantitties of it but it is not wurking just now.
becose christ she opans this bagg produse a pensil.
trew as deth it is acksually what this tipe of
feminin scumb gorn and done no more No Less
oh i Was angry. i was so angry my anger gorn
too deep for wurds i was sickend i were struckque
down in a heep and come all over quear i didant
know what to say. no i onist didant my tung
crove to the ruph of my mouth i were struckque
to a Shere Stone where i stood. not a wurd i
couldant but comes out of this narstey swoon at
larst, says ar i should be onowered mumb it is so
nise of you she said Not at Orl. thinks pressisively.
as i gorn of but i may arsk what of the rappid
rescews of any More of these mares becose
Strange to announse william has had enuff i
should be glad if some volumpteers would kindly
step forwards to go In For this heroeick deed and

get the human sosiatties meddel Pur Haps. but Pur Haps not. but any ways what of such borbels there is heroicker deeds done Mumb in the silinse of the night every bloody day, i will see if i can come by a bear or two in fair ixchange for this nise memerandumb but oh god our help in ages parst to whit the porn murchant would merely lauff it Of, not a nights lodgeings wurth in it. which judgeing by this being wurth Let Us Imagine two bears, the anser is this phemails whole sole would go easy at a gin and bitters But personlly i would not give this for it she havant one, i will proseed to go Of this toppick and come on a Novil one to whit alsoe a phemail a tipe of manuac, my brain is wurking rappid tonight. i will say in regards to her. as namely gives you this book i should not like to say any things agains this Kindley Sole but hells bells i arsk you, becose wurks on the davit never so much as glanse at her but up and gives tung at me from her chair, questuons are you one of the sailers. which i thort What sailers? but says yes mumb

gorn on with your wurk as becose i may say i do not mind if a nise gurl was to of spoak to you, nothing in it mearly parsing the time of day but damn me there is some thing sinisture if this tipe of dame done it which the tipe as looks in the mirrer says arnt i nise christ arnt i nise. which you might of been onse is the anser but some hows it wared of with the passidges of time, paints pouders fair cronick, gorn on arsk if i surely wasent the one as saved the lady oh wasent i indeed, i tells her if it wasent me i do not know who else it could of been How interisting she retorts at you. gorn on arsk how do you like the life on board i suppose you luv it, says No mumb. well where is their brains, luv simply carnt come into this tipe of life, i do not know if she thort i haves a nise gurl stoed away in my bunk what an ideer i never would of You carnt in this tipe of ship *they whont let you.* but their tung is of on the whagg by this time orl right, says oh i should of thort you would of Luvd It. mursey i were getting tyred mearly

tells her no mumb and thort i would save troubal but deval a chanse, says to you of corse i ador the sea it is too whunderfull which at this wheard tipe of statesment i begins to harbor this suspicuon as she couldant of been All There some hows. as turn out i were right. says you seem very Yung to be a sailer, arsk have i been in ships Long god damm it i did whunder what she were Getting At, sounds to me Particklar Matrimonual in a durtey tipe of way but tells her struckque twenty nine been at sea sinse i were sixteen i thort what else can i oblige you with in my privit histories may i arsk, next thing she says it were sweet, which this done it i knowed she were Of her Rocker. but you carnt stop this manuac tipe, they tells you i am a great travailler which this is my seckond voyidge round the wurd the sea is in my bloods says i haves a pashuon for the sea. which glory hallylooger what do this mean, i fansy this tipe have gorn of and drank salt water some wheres next thing it creep insiduous in the bloods and all Up, next thing bedlum.

no other toppick of conversashuons i did not let On i knowed she were a triphul Dottie but says yes mumb and think how the blew hell am i going to come clear of this. as she arsk what made you become a sailer, goodnes gracious well ixcuse my ruff vickablery but i may say i near come down on her with my jack knive, What next. she would of arsk if i was in holly mattrimonnies i know it. they do these spinisters but onley tells her my old par made me, says i i sur to a voise she didant hear becose no more done i and clear of out of it, larst thing she shuve this book¹ at you squints inside well god damit there is some nise gurls in the padges i will read some more soon i am wore to a shadder mean whiles.

seen this manuac pheamil onse again which in addishuons to all these swobs my nerve Whont Stand it. it is damnabull but looks in the book some of these fillies in it is furst Clarse but there is some Haggs but dont they fair grin at you orl

¹ Probably a Society Weekly Paper.—ED.

these Knashing tooths i carnt see why. but christ i must say she gorn one better nor the missuons these socall missuons to semans is fair the plaig of your life in some occashons, dumps down these hudge parsils of books not a pixture in the lot and all to do with christians awake and co, shere junk not even one of these socall novils as is all the radge in this soshul swurl i notise, but any ways i do not whant the sickening stough but i do wish they would put in some nise edger wallisses when they are At it. but they simpully whont give you creddit for some brains.

i do not know if this manuac pheamail imagines i have arsk her to be my wive but i may say she get on my nerve more nor if i been Hooked Up to her seventy year. as to whit there is severil nise gurls in this pacquit nothing gorgus but quite nise but they gorn up and down the deck with some stiffes as i should of said was repstiles, it is trully whunder full how nise a ear whig

can look in the Pheamil Eye if its pocquit hapon to be ligned with dollars. Narstey adums apple going Up and Down in their throte Jor Jor and eyeWash for evermore, i onist do not know how these nise gurls is took in so easy, they whont look at any ones in Humbel Stashun i do not wish them to i am not struckque on gurls any ways, specuallly not on this lar de dar tipe. they thinks they are supperier to you well Orl Right we all knows the Trew State of Affairs but what hapon next. would you believe it out come this manuac phemail from the psalmes conversary¹ and make at you. i feeled a pang go threw my vittals, wurks on like mad but no good, arsk if you would be nise and put up her decks chair for her but i would be nise if i done it or not but haves a go at it. which damn nashuon i do not know if she thort i am a tipe of Handy Man i say imphatickually my brain is Too Rappid for putting up these stewpid chairs. but spreads it out thort

¹ Assuming that *psalmes* might be spelt without the double *s* and the *e*, we might interpret the next word as *conservatory*.—ED.

christ what is this peese For, turns it all ars upwards—No bon, twists every ways, this feebl tipe of so call chair simpully wouldnt go into a chair whatever i done i gives it Up as what a waist of your bizzy time next thing she said let me trye, i tells her certinly mumb. as this manuac knowed How, god dam it why couldnt she of said this prevuous. but there you are it is this tipe of pursons as would let you be nailed in the cophin before they come to your sucker. away you goes fair Out of hope which along they comes immeduate, says who is this corp. gets told william taplow. No reelly well i never they say gracuous i never would of thort it, i were going to arsk him if he would of liked a thousand pound but i may say a hundred to nort you was in the bar the prevuous night and trye trye again you couldnt sting them for a round. but Pur haps this manuac carnt help it i sharnt say any thing agains her exept she is Mad as a Hat. but this mess stuard is sickening as tells him he should of shued these delicuous fish in the

refrigerators becose they was ither corpses so long threw not being in the ise they had a resserexshun else they was so hotted Up with exitesment dew to comeing out of the sea they needed some cooling of their feverd brains. Says any ways it is hardley fair to eat these nise dumb frends gorn of and gives them to the puzzy cat i shall be glad to be Out of this and start a New Tipe of life i am Mad to.

seen this nise gurl i thort god dam us all, if this is poler negro going back to holly woods i am not surprised at all the divorses in this studdo. which bon swores we shall soon be in the land of libberties Orl Right.

i am out of it i am quite comfortabull exept it is savidge cold janury 9 Nineteen twenty 8 nor i may say this lodgeings is not the Larst Wurd in plumbings you would of natureally thort it would be but let us pray it isent.

which i can smell some things i will rephrain
to menshun Nor the vittals is not the tipe
i am keen on they are too Old. but i do not
grumbel i will go out have a lap say some more
when my throte is not so drye i am drye as a
haddick.

comes back said i would, as wasent half thansks
full to come clear of the barongariar no boddy
wouldant creddit what a time i haves in it i know
they carnt, i am the tipe of clarse as is niseest but
gets the wurst time whatever i done to whit, goes
in for sweapstakes what come of it, same old
storey every ones else come out luckie onley not
perrishing poor william penrose taplow. Pays out
your hard ernd monneys day and night, along
come the goverment Snap up what is over in
spight i thort ar i will sit on my hornches for a
change, they whont let you they done it their
selves. it is the same with unkals every ones else
haves one as gorn to the toomb leaves a nise
leggissy what does my Loveing Unkal do god

dam it i fansy he is immortal but the wrong tipe
any ways, Which next hands over a dollar to keep
Up the hossipital never been in my selve shere
loss down the drain, Next thing gets told of dew
to some big durtey Buggs fawlt strikes the wrong
tipe of nise gurl consiquinse haves to Pay Up
again. which similuar with Fish if there is two
nise herrings for brekfust i like hard rose but low
and beholds the Other Purson gorn and got it,
Why is all this i do not know i onley knows this
tipe of vississistudes is the tipe i haves. surved
out with a wracking bounder of a tooth akes when
i specual didant whant to Further mores my nise
Hat blowed of in a pough of wind This pough
would not of come Down on any ones else nor
it would not at me if id of had my old Hat on
but this were a new Hat i bort it onley a coupal
of year ago. god dam us i reelly i onist think there
is some tipe of Orful gostley thing dogging my
trackque, i carnt say what but i know it is there
but damn nashuon i shall not put Up with this
in futures i say disisively i sharnt as have turned

over a specual Particklar tipe of new leave which if this durtey sickening creecher have not the common whit to clear of now i do not think Much of its Brain becose i Wharn it if i haves any more troubal this contempsibel tipe of gost is Doomed i may say. it is i know it is, i have suddinley oranged to be a quite differeent tipe of Humans nacher from Now On it is curuous but i have, which if any thing come in my Parth i say Be Cair full it is william P. taplow on the Up Trackque. as i am not quite the tipe of clarse you thort i was i am not Quite so easy dornted as you appears to of Thort. becose i have shued all these antick histories of my live behinds my back which when i comes clear of this plase it will be to go Slap Up the ladder of suxess to the top Wrung nort can dornt me now i know it, i will say what have took plase prevuous next thing i will commense a absolutively New Tipe of Book, i am fair put right of and sickend by this old book it is not modurn enuff it is some hows right Out of Date. as come by ten dollars in this Gildid

Domb tipe of ships, damn it they do go Rappid these dollars but i had them i should of had More onley these lords some hows Whont give it to you. but sidel up to you, i were at the gangways he said i have tryed to get hold of you before, says arnt you the sailer as saved my dere wives live. well i thort christ this must be the cock of the old Hen, good for her so she must of been Sharper nor i thort she were Hooked Up after all was she. which good, i am glad to hear it. Says thats right sur, ansers i must thank you You are a brave man Thinks har i shall not be so modist this time says it certinley were a fairly Tricquy Peese of Wurk was it he said says yes it was she is waighly as a Sough. thinks immeduate god blarst my tung right of, but he said oh, nips in rappid tells him any ones would of been which full of water and cetra he said ar i see what you mean he said. says yes she is a nise gurl, who he arsk you. well christ who did he think, i knowed she were a tipe of Which but you carnt say it to their husbund Tells him your wive your

onower.¹ which looks at you sharp, says i oe you a debt of grattitudes i carnt repay god damn us all my hart sunked right down in my Boots becose i thort it is your old freind the welsher of on the jornt orl right. but he did pay a peece of this debt as shuves ten dollars in your por says i hope i do not insult you i thort No not pressisively but you comes Near it old cock, if it had of been *onley five* you would of but thank him and clear of as quick as a Fish. which gets paid of and come here, i fansy the swurl gorn of to new york in the trains i quite wish i could of gorn but on another hands your dibs fair gorn down the drain in it but i could of put in a nise night or soe in harlem it is Furst Clarse exept onley this heavenley tipe do come at you a lot in It. as they are the similuar tipe to a bishupp but some hows they come at you Far More furoshusly, as reads in the wurd² as this bishupp

¹ This word certainly looks strange in print : when spoken, however, it will be seen at once that this is merely another way of writing "Honour."—ED.

² Probably *News of the World*.—ED.

have Come Down on the nise gurls bare gnees
onse again, says it is a scandel they should of
been coverd Up but mursey on us these nise
gurls do not happon to be sitting with their ears
to the ground nor more dont i but i may say in
this capitall of the new homes land i been acksually
challindged by this tipe. i did not like him, Says
brother is your sole saved Orl Right. which i
thort well holy holy holy if this is my brother i
am soe glad i didnt happon to have a sister
arsks what is the particklar perril may i arsk?
he tells you the deval. well damn me i knowed
that, says this Curuous Repstile have been at
me night and day sinse the flood, says tell me
another brother. which christ i sharnt forgit
the savidgeness of this holy tipe he fair come down
on you like a hork says the lord whont stand this
tipe of thing he whont his day will come and co,
well steady Up god damn every thing i fully
agrees with him but may i mentuon as i didnt
happon to be the right tipe for him to of come
Down on? becose i knows these cappitalls is

full of misserabel sinners it could do with some weding but i shall be glad if i am Out of it when this come Of as why should i be in this scrumb god dam it you carnt get any bearings port or starboard. fair cronnick as been up to a so call poleesman i may say i do not approch this tipe Orfen but some times haves to, as arsk where is all these humans nachers bound for Jake, well i was surprised he gloomb at you like a tipe of tode sings out whadderyouwaHay—Thinks orl right Orl Right i am fairly familuar with this tipe of english but i thort i would have another trye, arsk where is this mash of humans nachers bound for as Is there a festivall on some wheres, but they do not anser they onley say you gorn be a corp in a minnit It is a new tipe of custumb. as becose i did trye to cross the road but they Whang at you, haves to hold on till the sheething multitudes comes over and gorn along with it you carnt stop no matter if a nise gurl loomb Up opposit i haves to go with this bunch of mutts and jeff, i did not like it i should sooner not go

back in this plase after all i think. which further
 Mores these cannons fair get on my nerve as
 pear Up out of the abiss and think christ i am
 cort this time orl right, i will see and sign on
 some nise ship as come inventually back in the
 old homes land this new one is nise but too Rappid,
 next thing Start of full Bat sore up and be a
 skipper i knows How Now i knows i can do it.
 as trust taplow it is my faverit mottoh.

i am in contumeplattive mude. i admitts it i
 admittits it i have gorn in for some whizzkey.
 which what of it. it is nise. i am nise. so we
 all is. orl right Go Aways narstey tipe of pursons
 Be Of! nise pursons come whilliam nise gurl
 foled in whilliams arm. oh wish do come i lue
 you to the limmits of every thing nise gurl nise
 nise nise gurl i am struckque to a shere heep of
 mellumcollies i am Done Up i biseech you as gorn
 down on your poor bleeding gnee Do come to me
 gurl. nise gurl do i orl right i sware in my
 bewtifull tipe of oners i couldant lue the dere

soe much Stadurd 33 shere bilderdush.¹ i will stop Now i haves some more contumeplattive thorts to think Of.

Febuary 6 19 Twenty Ate sundy cold cold cruill bitter narstey durtey sickening scumbs what of it christ i am Of.

Chooseday ath² of the munth spills the cophee in my nise book but hell i sick of it any ways, symbull to get a new tipe i will do it i carnt start proper in this old Wragg, puts you right of but haves a egg but a cooks farm egg i know it, Never sor a farm in its live they gorn in for doing away with hens, turns out all the eggs every things else by ellextrissity god damn us they even cappitalls punishes you with it i do not like the ideer i am Orl Right but i will be Of.

¹ This might be translated, I think, thus: I could not love thee dear so much, etc.—all that sheer bilderdush (or balderdash) I learnt in Standard 3 at school.—ED.

² 8th.—ED.

saturday i luv her. which she is the right
 tipe at larsts a sweet gurl a dark dere gurl the
 rose bloom in her fase. as dere sweet americans
 maidon my immaginashons run on her like wiled
 fiar i am destituted with it. i luv her i know it,
 onley one thing i do not luv in regards to her
 namely it is this habbit they gorn in for to whit
 prinks their selves too much which far too Much.
 as gorn in the cinema prink prink out come the
 mirrer, prink To prink Froa, lips hare every god
 dam peese of their fase and kepted waiting time
 after again it is this so call Modurn Gurl i fansy.
 but nise damn nise christ i wish this mole tuth
 could of stayed In they are so perrishing struckque
 on how you looks to the wurlds eye. which Steady
 Up thats Wrong it isent right as what of the
 internual sole, but they Will have it. but mursey
 i luv her in spight every thing. you carnt
 eggsplain this luv it is a tipe of hiccup as take
 you suddin in the stummick i will pack Up, my
 thorts pearces too deep for this bewtifull toppick
 Nise nise maidon i hopes she is thinking of me.



BOOK III

LIVERPOOL april wedendsday 18 nineteen Two 8,
which let us pray like i do not know What for the
sole of this dere old homes land i onist carnt
imaguan why i keeps on comeing back as damn
natuon if old england have not gorn to the
ordinry tipe of dogs mursey it have got in the jors
of bloodshounds a Far Wurse faight. becose
soon as you come ashores in this nise Nise loveing
mother countrys Lap what come about. why god
damn it same as prevuous, they carnt keep their
hand of you. but i am Orl Right now this bed is
hard as charrities, One and thrippense in the
cubunkal¹ i do like to be privit but when they
arsk you to spend the night in the expenses of the
nise thortfull goverment what Of it. as stone

¹ Or lodging house cubicle : for the privacy of which it is customary
to pay an extra 3d. or 6d.—Ed.

walls do not make a prison we all knows but hells
 bells i should be obliged if the maniac as said this
 would come on the trackque of the poleese him
 selve he would change his chune. nor i may say i
 do not fancy as a nise canary burd would go right
 Of the deep end to agree with this statesment, i
 nearly gorn in for a meeger lap which the meeger-
 est tipe of lap You ever Seen becose cellumbraight
 your joisefull homes comeing—narstey dark
 soppie night gorn in the bar swish on the gramu-
 phoan and done a jigg along of a nise gurl well
 quite a nise gurl nothing as knock you arsoverTip,
 but sang a song to them all, fair bewtifull i carnt
 call to mind how it gorn but a primb song a
 regular nighty gail song, Next thing would you
 beleive it i wakes Up in these stone walls i was
 surprised. but i am not the tipe as can gnor
 threw this stough it is tougher nor the liver they
 serves Up at you. but o didant i fair tell of these
 poleese there is some things in regards to them i
 loath soe much it is not pressisively their fase no
 i carnt say it is soe much their fase but insindentu-

ally christ *what a fase*, but it is some thing to do with their narstey great jors, hoofs and cetra like a red wrag to a bull which if i was this bull. as claps you in chokey shocking, never a questuon i simpully carnt see what these poleese is For onley if they seen a purson stop tells him to move on, outs with their notes books announse this is seruious as where was you in the night of the crimb well god help us all, damn it do use some intelligenses, if there had of been a crimb i should not of come to a Horlt opposit this poleeseman which any ways i would not remember where i been as why should i, i am not a pellsman manuac. Come the dorn this humb bugg magerstrit clap on a fine says you was obvuously a publick newsanse well how can you go agains this tipe of Tough which everey time he turn round he is a newsanse—Stummack like a floting mine Mustarch should of been shuved in a flour pot onley i may say i do not know who would of like to Water It but i know he done him selve, fair sokes up soop licquers and cetra you can tell by the tipe of glarsey eye they

haves. which well tap old cock thort i better Put Up with my nise unkal for a spell and make up for this scandel i were soaber as george recks i know it, Arsk this poleeseman who do you imagune you are clutching on to as here Hold On what is the bewtifull ideer ? but No they whont anser they carnt they knowed it is onley becose namely they fansy they are a tipe of shurlick home, i Do dispise this lor o i do i call heaven to whitness how i dispise this lor i shall ignor it in futures i sharnt agree with any thing it says in futures i sharnt speek to it. but it is curuous i am some hows glad i am here i do not know why but i am, it is raining cat and Dog but more dog than cat becose i notise these cats do not orfen go Out in the rain, every thing Gloomby as the Larst Trump but i were thanks full to be Out of this ship as i come back in a durtey rotton pacquit. as runs in the mids of this sheething cauldramb fair nip about like a wrat in a cadge, Of come the hatch the sea come in i thort we was dew for parrodise orl right which hay presso i may say what of these jollie

Tars we hears of, jollie be b——d i may say. as turns out in the hart of this whowling darkniss step whang on your old palls the cocks roach and gorn squelsh, Leep along and swore at by this tipe of jugg fased mate, sopped to the very finger tips up all night making farst next thing cold porridge for brekfust well i was fair drove out of counter-ninse to whit i whont stand it i am sickend of this so call Sea, shere waist of land in my opinuon. but gorn of down the coast i should like to announse in Parsing luvè is a deep allusuon and come to Nort. which it do in america any ways but hells bells what a country. as i likes them singally Not the phemails there is some thing i Do Not Like in regards to the phemails but i think the mail tipe is Furst Clarse by their selve but christ no offense but what a bunch of goddam stiffs when they gets togeather. which the more we are togeather is the wrong mottoe for this nashuon i should say, i means in this new tipe of york any ways. i should rather have the old one never sor it but i know i should. as gorn threw

this sickeing hummid panamar onse More and wurk up to the new york after Orl. as thinks they are specually cultervated same as old frits done prevuous to the knock Out but it wasent a particklar Fearce nockOut but let it parse and luckie for the old country i am not On this toppick momentarily. but i should of said this nashuon where all the dollars comes from is about as cultervated as a Whart Hogg. but damn it this animule does keeps its jor Closed Up but not them, mursey on us you carnt pick up a loacal wrag without some of these rellidguous manuacs go and whang their jor down your throte in it but i know as much in the bibal as any of these howling humb Buggs but i do not happon to vommit it at other pursons i keeps mumb. but damn it you haves to, as mentuon casual you haves some dollars on you, hay presso it is like the cunjerers rabbits they are gorn in some invissibull pocquit before you knows whats What, i am sharp as any ones but even me i loose for and hauf ¹ dollars in this tipe of

way. as sits down lissen to some stiff s bailing out a lot of hogwash i thort they was not soe bad every thing nise and freindley but i may say best thing to do in this town is see your monneys is orl right furst then chum Up with some nise palls if you likes but my advise is *sheer of it*, but any ways soon as any thing Wheard happon scrap the friendships and grip on your dollars like death. well i am sharper nor Some Pursons Fansies i likes these gods own country stiff s but i knows there dror backs. as nise old Unk sam his pocquits chock ablock with dollars but where is the creddit why in the old bulls dogs jor same as prevuous christ i notise every thing. which this is why a certin Clarse of learned-Up gentries imagunes i carnt be full of thorts but christ i notise every thing. as nothing go parst my eye without i see it i am On the Nail every bloody time and no backs chat. my tallints is waisted in this sea namely i haves every intentuons to stay ashore long as i can, look round for some thing as my Tipe of Genuous can grip onto, see this nise gurl and get Orl Fixed Up i

do hope insindentually they arnt going to be stew-pid but any ways they carnt say as william taplow is the Wrong Tipe but if they do i imphatickally say the opposit—i will now lay my head in the piller and sink into some gentel slumbers o re-revoirse.

Thursday thort i would have a rest from my labers and start of in the upward trackque soon as the wheather clears Up.

fryeday wakes up cold as a eskimbose gnose i thort really there is some thing soe Orfull about life in these temprit climbs i carnt eggsplain it but it is to do with tryeing to keep these blanquits wrap round you they come of in purpus i know they do, they may be inamerit¹ but they *do* Go Against you to whit soe do my knife. as haves it one minnit next it gorn of and turn up some plase i knows i didant put it in. they do they crorl of on you they must as how else could they

¹ “ Inanimate,” I fancy.—ED.

of gorn. but layed in the bed thort holy heavon
What is there to turn out for but what ever it is i
say it is imphatickally not wurth it as come half
out of the blanquits gorn in quick as a stote it is
Too Much to arsk of you there should of been
some better tipe of turning Out. but i did i
turns out noon, you haves to, gorn of and seen if
there was any thing doing in this town Which no
there wasent. as any ways i did not whant to go
in the movies i onley sit down by this nise gurl in
case she might of. she didant thow. i did not
like her she was too full of thorts about her selve
to whit she thort she was so damn nise she thort
i would of arsk her how she come to Find her
selve, isant it a nise morning and cetra well as if
i would of. i never would of onley i thort she
were loanley but damn us it turn out this loanley
tipe should be steered cleer of, Snap back at you
like injur Ubbers up they gets and stork of.
which oh arnt we High Clarse it is the faimus
ellophint walk Orl right regular furst clarse
mannerkin on the doal i should imagune But i

knowed she thort i would of followd Up but i should of like to inform this spessiman of whomans Hoods as it would of took a Niser Tipe nor this spessiman to transport william taplow into a pekkinese dog which you bet it would. as thort orl right you appears to of made a nise misstake this time my nise lady, Gorn slap to the statuon bye your ticquit and Not a Wurd. becose feeled if i sign on for certin i sharnt miss it but holy smoke they do rook you i carnt say how little i think of these railways Namely there is alsoe times tabulls, damn it i arsk you. as time after again i have told these railways which why carnt they do a nise times tabulls as says where the trains Goes To, what time they Set Of and cetra, but no they whont and haves to put in your bizzy time onse again arsking all these gold braids tipes of gentries as gives you the hump with a mere glanse of their eye, Where is their brain it is out of date i think. but next thing consiquinse i shall have to sling my hammick up with my nise unkal wheather i whant to or vise verser if i am

going In for a day or soe sellimbrashuons in the so
call metrerpollitis as god dam it no hokey pokey i
certainly am. but pur Haps i sharnt see much of
my loveing unkal and ant i shall be Out most of
the times, if not recupperaight in the bed if it is a
comfortabull one, if not i shall be annoised to the
Extremes. becose i have had enuff of all this
ruff life i whant some shairs of all these luxsheries
i desserve it i am sick of not getting it.

i feeled there is some thing Wrong with this
wurld when you haves to shuve your hand in the
pocquit so Orfen. as haves to come in here too
late to go to your unkal But if i was to turn
up in the morning they carnt say No the bed isent
reddy this tipe of roose whont go down with
yours trully william P taplow not in the lite of
day it whont, but Orl Right in this durtey hole,
i have seen wurse i will say what have happoned.
as haves some cophee and sangwhich of the storl,
says to the storl keeper soon as i Opans Up this
ham sangwhich, well cheer os, i notise old england

havent changed many of their habbits sinse i been away he said been away long, Tells him a Fairish Time, nor they do not appear to of slortered any more Piggs in the intervuals i fansy—he said piggs why Piggs. well says damn me put on your thinking lid i allways thort a ham sangwhich was partley dew to a pigg but Pur Haps not pur haps it is a Cow I seen some cow fat here any Ways. orl right he seen orl right, says i give you as much as any one Tells him bon swores old cock i never for a mear seckond doutbs it i should imaguan you generossities will ruin you fairly rappid i onley thort if we was to all of come togeathers in a tipe of Clubb we could of had a nise ham sangwhich between us, spin up for it, Low and beholds you haves half a tun leaved over for the cheese, says give my luv to the fambilly and gorn of i didant wait to see what he thort of my ideer but i onist was hungry this trains jurney fair sicken your livver. as come by some sangwiches in the statuon buffit they done them up in a paper which no whunder, they must of been Soe ashamed of

them i thort if this is the starf of life i would sooner go on all Fors by my selve but carst an eye Up and down for a nise seet hops in a empteey carridge no sooner done what haddon. i knowed it, If a tipe of whinstun churchill didant come along Inspecks you quite like in the old days. says to him a nise morning isant it How does she go old son, he said your ticquit please, shone [shown] it, next thing tells you there is some thurd clarse in front. i questuons o is there arnt i right for london no he said you knows very well you should be in a thurd, i may announse it is the old westminster hippo crits at wurk onse again threw there menuals, same tipe *onley lolier*. becose god damn it all i says how do you know i know it isant, do you haddon to have a tipe of clere voyanse in your brain—He said come on Out. orl right orl right says i will but i am doing it in my own accords it is becose i am sick of this carridge some hows, it is durtey, as is this the good old suthern railways by the ways? but i knowed it wasent but who cairs, he said hurry please i said shut

Up. as carnt you see i am. which said havant you some eyes in your tipe of Skull who do you think you are torking to he said, i may say the pursons i do not cair who they are allways does. But said Pipe Down for christ sake i am sick of this, gorn along in front but this narstey carridge turn out to be full of this tipe of poeple i some hows loath the sight Of. to whit when you comes in they mone at you. but start of next thing this goddam bounder of a hound i loathed him from his foot marks Up he opaned the winder Right Down i shuts it as natureally. becose i were shiddering like a leave on the north pole. Shere Lip i never seen to beet it he said do you mind if we haves some air in here, opaned the winder. Thinks o you are this tipe are you says to him pardum me which what is the use to arsk me if i mind and do not wait and see if i does, they do not anser they tryes and ignor you but christ they carnt do this to me i said i haddon to loath This Air. i could of had my own ways i onist could. but what of it, as haves this hudge

croud agains you they was his fambilly i think which if this is soe deval damn them i do not know which to pitty, Full of all this cold bloods and fresh air manuacs i thort nix on this scumbley crew gorn Out carm as a Fish come in the next carridge and look out of the winder. which all these cows and co i thort Nise, makes you feel at home it reelly does thinks to my selve it is poiterick orl right. i may say if this so call gentry opposit had such good thorts as me i am surprised. becose strange to announse this carridge i come in turn out to be a furst clarse onse again, he thort i should not of been In it well god dam them mind their own bizniss i gorn out of it prevuous to the collector come, What more do they arsk. they do think a lot of their selves stewpid swobs. as fansies becose i arnt done up eye glarse mar-of-purl studd links and co i carnt have poiterick thorts, thinks i should not be In it do they, well alow me to inform this Tipe of Thugg i has painted pixtures, play in the floot and every thing which if he

never herd of a mere seman going in for all these accompaniemints best thing he can do is get of his perch put there [their] ear down, he will hear it Orl Right. but no they whont beleive it. read in a book, make out they are a supperier tipe of old william shake spears and no boddy else in their clarse, well i should hope not but christ they arnt shake spears by a long chork. well orl right give them a miss tap old cock, i knows i knows twice as much as them i will slumber.

Sunday go on the morrers. hay Up! hoop lar cocko cocko cocko right orl right wake me early mother see and ¹

No misstake i seen my ant and unkal orl right hosanner havant i. which whoops dearie what of it. as turns out pay your fashonabel hostiss her two one-and-Threes, tells her it is onley a penny out if she reckond them two a hay Penny,

¹ The diarist apparently refers here to an evening spent in celebration with friends.—Ed.

What she said. tells her why the buggs mother, i onley finds twenty 8 in the bed which like in the song gorn up and down your Marbel Arch mursey hallylooger she was that angry. which what of it, nips in the buss sit in the outside of the seet but god damit these passingers as come there furst thinks they has bort the seet i imaguan, but next thing these busses is damnabull why carnt they say where they are of to. as tells the conduxer hammersmith low and beholds this boan head says you are going the opposit direckshon, i thort give us a chanse who do you mean *You*, it is the buss as is going opposit. stop it will you. he said i can get of next stop it is a penny fair says that be jiggered it is a Nise Ideer for the generual omnibusses but it whont fit me. Chuck it he said you carnt play that old one of on me which doesent this tipe of hindenburgs fair sicken you. i got wiled i said you appears to be uncommon similuar to one of the geoses as was leaved over from the goose step, cleared of down the ladder quick as whinking they sing out

at you but i onley done a tipe of sarcasistick lauff, Gorn to your unkals shop. which o goodniss gracuous havant we come on a lot thinks to my selve mr sellfridges will have to look out for some of his lorrals whont he—steps in goes to the counter which my unkal use to be at it but a tipe of oxforge gentry there now and let us pray a nise gurl in the monney Box. as looks about you, says this is nise christ this Is nise. orl right arks you what can i do for you sur, thort ar har percey, so we are all surs here is us. tells him i should be obliged if i could meet my old unkal onse again. he says may i arsk what name says taplow william P dittoe, oh he said are you mr cohens nepphew. well burn my shimeese all Up says do i look like his gneese, he were quite took aback. but gives their new adress what a rore i done when i come outsides. becose god help us all i had no ideer they could of come on at this raight Quits the shop haves their own viller i thort drat this william it is a shocking pittty this wasent your old par but same all along,

allways your Upstart Unkals as come of best. but
gorn along horls on the titty titty bell they was
haveing a feed gets Up and fair stair at you.
which i said well unkal well ant i am simply
overjoised to clap eye on you all quite the lady
and gent now arnt we o they was surprised they
couldant hardley say any thing with it. orl right
but arskd didnt they get my post card no what
card said my loveing rellertives. Says why i wrote
on it dere unkal dere ant i am comeing home
Rappid isent it Furst Clarse what of seeing all the
old fases onse agains i will come onley if i hears
vise verser i whont, finish Up yours trully affexernit
nepphew, william, No they said it never come.
which i may say this did not bewhilder me as
becose i didnt send it but i might of i know
the post offise would of misled it, they do. but no
matters i am all for nise appolligies and be pollight
as you can, cost nothing on another Hand it
might of cost some ones else a fairish pacquit.
which says well we are so glad to see you william
i carnt call to mind a toan as didnt wring trew

so much but says well unkal i been in your emperumb¹ i thort it were furst clarse Yes he said i may tell you i roalled my sleeve up and wurked for it christ i do get tyred of these tipes as keeps roalling Up their sleeve at you, but gorn on tells him there is a Nise Peese of Stough in the monney box isent there but my ant said i wish you would learn to express your selve proper william i imagune you mean there is more custum now. said ar trew enuff which god blarst it they didant desserve to have a nise gurl in their perrishing shop. but haves a feed Fix up to stay On a day or Soe for old acquaintinse sake i never was struckque on these old acquaintinse tipes but haves to put up with it and see if your ant will stand a nise show at the colisum or some wheres i am wore out with all these thorts quench the lecstrick lite and snoar of to sleep.

save us what next—finds they haves a moter car not to speek of this survint gurl as surves up

¹ "Emporium," it may be assumed.—ED,

their feeds but her fase is too old but if this tipe can bring it of what of yours trully. but same old storey no boddy gets their desserts exept onley them as dont deserve to have any But give us a chanse their is some things you carnt afford to tell some pursons, like others is so perrishing nise you haves to keep Up all their innersent allusuons like mad and make out you never herd of all these curuous pashons to whit luv and co. they fair mone at you if they finds you haves them. to whit my diseased ant florry, poor old sole i pitties her long gorn in the toomb and never find out what her dorter knowed at fourteen. well heaves a sye and shuve it behind your back boan, i do trye to make every thing parse of nise with these tipes but dont they get angry. they do get angry. i come to brekfust says morning ant hopes you are fit as a flee which this ant of yours is like a peese of ise says i trust you had a good night william, well *Trust* what a wurd, why carnt they speek english? tells her not bad but seen better damn us she fair snort

at you What is wrong, says it was onley merely the mattriss was lumpey. which she keeped mumb but what a look they do get in a state but i said it is nise of you to give me so much milk in my tea ant i dont ordinry like so much cow but it is nise of you Not a smile of happyniss any wheres, Orl right arks why didnt they get bigger cups and save troubal. as haves two helps, but mursey on us there is a tipe of pursons the more i cheers them Up they gets gloombier well i carnt go on i whont nither. but orl right, ant arks what are you going to do william, i leeped at this chanse you haves to, said what of a show ant and remind you of your parmy days all the nise gurls snappie chunes and cetra she were Very Stiff but coff up the money Orl right. damn it the leest they can do for bloods rellertives—says i could go on my own. said orl right but arnt you comeing i did trye to sound it eeger but i may say imphattick i should sooner not of gorn if she had of, which gorn of, i liked some of it but i did not like some of it. as i always

knowed phemails shouldant trye to sing onley if theysang imprompter but when there is a ordyanse up go their stewpid high voise they think christ i am a burd and see if i can go a bit further consequinse your ear drumb crack they are not a burd how evers. but likes these cycclysisits they gorn on wheels to and Froa Up and Down In and Out, says to my ant you should of sor them ant quite safe she couldant of, as tells her there was alsoe a fat phemail as could lift up three men fair cronnick but no bigger nor you ant, Do be quiert william ant said. well i were being it. as said next in come a nise gurl i thort o this Is a nise gurl. but my ant thinks you are getting at her which no whunder as look at her, My ants ankuls is out of date becose her gnees leads whang into her shews, no plase for her carve to come in Onley a small peese it is fat as pawk i should loath to eat it but her sit down is wurse i should be obliged not to be my unkal when she is feeling koy as if she was to of come down on your gnee you would be a old bent mithooselumb time you

come to get Up. as haves a hat as a lot of burds
would of made there nest in onley they wouldant
like my ants fase under neeths them so much.
But vittalls is good but too manney tipes, not
enuff of one furst clarse tipe, i will say about this
supper to night next thing pack up and of to
dreams land Which furst come soop full of a tipe
of white wurm next Fish, moses what is this i
thort, it is getting wearder and wearder as time
Goes On. i arsk ant, she said sole ar the morning.
thort it looked it Orl right but not this morning
but taists Fairish not any thing Great. which
next chick hen picks up your drumb boan to have
the larst chor, neerer boan sweeter proverb to
whit, goodniss gracuous trye and remember
where you are william ant said Tells her i am
not likely to forget ant. where are your manners
she arsk you, i told her i said the old vick done it.
she said what do you mean by the old vick.
god damn us didant she know that, retorts our
dere old queen as gorn of to the happye land
soon as i come in this wheary wurd Let us hope

any ways, as surely you calls her to mind ant. which i knowed it, my ant was narstey she tryed to squirm out of it says i dont beleive it but if she did it is no reasun for you to. which if this is a argewmint i will call for my Top Hat gloves stick manacel and be Of. damn natuon the old vick were a humans nacher as much as me further mores she were the spit of my old mar to the very figger, high up in the bows Very Fat and low asturn dittoe but i didnt say it to my ant and parse of. but haves some sardeens done up in backon hells bells what is the ideer they do go in for some Mess of Pottidge i will do a movie tomorrohs if i can find a nise skurt but i carnt go if not becose i gets loanley but i might of said some things about orl this jor your unkal done. to whit the well fairs of the nashuon but god dam it there is no well fairs good nights all.

wed april two Five same year as prevuous. comes to the inclusuon there is no use to stay on here i am quite carm cool and connected but

god help us i sharnt be in the futures very Quick.
no i am struckque down with miss fortunes onse
again but no boddy Need Whurry i shall be Orl
Right i shall go straight in the war Parth i shall
not hessitate i am in my mood not to be medal
with. but thinks i carnt be a suxess do they, o i
carnt carnt i. which well we shall see i am not a
sucking, which if i was which wisdum come out
of their mouth. as orl this jor of your so call
elders and betters get on my nerve, thinks they
are the heavenley farther well do not let me spoil
their nise allusuon i will leave them to it. as
arsk how their son is which he is a cuzzin of mine
but as if i caired how he is, but allways tryeing
to make out how much better eddercatted this
stiff is. as gorn to scool brort up no end of a swell
at bizniss, tells you he is simpully cramb Up with
artistrick ideers god damn it this trype whont
go down with me i haves twise as much but i dont
spout them Up, but i may say i shall have the
lauff on all these Thurd Raight Grarsping Soshul
Swurls of Blood Rellertives before i done and leave

this lar de dar cuzzin groverling in the back grounds rigged up in his ridicklerous creese trousers dansing pumps and co, haves a port and lemon and fansies his selve no end of a dog with the gurls christ let us pray. but i am sick to the throte with this toppick i gorn to the movies but look in the chemist furst as haves this tuth—hell it was the old bounder couldant it of waited till i am out of this but no they whont, thort i would get some stough to do it In but better now i have had a coupal of bb and better now. but there is some things Wrong, i gorn in the chemist damn it i onist do not know why there is so manney nise gurls well damn nise gurls no hokey pokey damnsils as keeps you awake with Thorts of Luve and co in these boots cash chemist and similuar tipe of shop. which give us a chanse this is Wrong this aynt right as how can you come at them you carnt be allways haveing this tuth ake, nor mersey on Us i do not whish to. but byes some clove next thing i thort of a sponge and keep Up the conversashuon But what do it lead

to i carnt go on about this sponge. but exept if you was to of arsk them if they thort sponges was nise but what next god damn it i am at my whits end, she was too nise to be their. which far too. as haves a white fase some red lips i did whish she could of come to this movie some hows onley becose you are loanley it is a change from your ant May i say what a change? but come out in the street wrackque your brain this way That way, gives up and gorn a splash on the 2-and-for-pennies by your selve. but i thort this gurl next you would of been freindley i onley thort it would be curuous to of found out but christ she wasent. damn it i thort she would of yowled. they do orfen if they are ugilly, next thing makes out they haves some mysteruous tipe of subtile fassinashuons it is a nise parse to come to, as if you was to merely tuch their gnee for some innersent reasun Up they gets sing out help christ i am being sedused by this goddam Kad i onist do not like the looks of it. no i must say gurls have Gorn Down a lot lately thinks they are

equerl to you and *this modurn radge for being brainey and co fair done them In*, i do wish i could find if this cash chemist gurl is dyed with the similuar brush. as becose some times they are nise as their fase make them out, mostley viser verser. to whit this parler maid of my ant and unkal haves a fase like a turnup but how can you tell, her sole may be white as snoe. but some hows i wouldant cair if it was red as ror meet, but any ways for christ sake lay Of this subjick tap old buoy it isant wurthy of me i will discribe this movie it was ixiting in bits but in some bits no it wasent. as on come this villon i knowed his tipe of kidnees immeduate but this gurl thort he were Orl Right but damn it she were soppie. but i can spot these villons straight of, which of they gorn in the moter didant pull up at old pars mansuon consiquinse she gets the wind up but too late but the heroe start of with a whang cort up Very Near but some hows he couldant get parst but Very Near, miss this train by a fractuon along come the airoplane Out they

hops in the nickque of time leaves the moter which it falled over the cliff fair cronnick i carnt call to mind pressisively what next but this villon tryed and tryed to Do In the heroe but cops it in the stummick, Orl right of they gorn to the marridge along come the nise old dog as eats its hart out for its nise mistriss every thing parse of primb and they gorn down in the orchurd Finish. orl right but the next pixture were in regards to these tipes of insecks going Up this leaf and cetra fair got on My Nerve but i thort the commick were furst Clarse. as this fat chap gorn after this thin chap and him the cookie, gets mixed Up in the doe fair slings it at him where Upons land in the poleesemans fase i lauffed i fair howled with it, o he was wiled as gorn in his eye which away he goes after the wrong stiff fair scowls with furry along come the other cops but this commick chap done them. goes in the barril bobs up and make a fase as they gorn parst consiquinse they both haves a wedding with this nise gurl but some things gorn wrong

with it which what did i prophisise away she goes and married this other one Next come this pathy gazette. as seen this generall staring at you, hurries along peers at this regermint of gurl gides raining cat and dog all the umbrellers Up i do not know what this tipe of pixture is shued on for god damn it we haves enuff of these generalls rains and co as it is, i am done Up with discribing all these drarmers i will stop bon swores tap old son.

Thursday i kepted in the bed till tea time as what is the use to turn out for a mear unkal and ant i were took Up with privit thorts. as furst namely i thort what is materual suxess any ways. i am abuve it. i am unick, no ones else quite in my clarse but they whont agree with you. as thinks becose all their own ideers is Thurd Hands i carnt have some of my own to whit even this joak i tells them says i could not of made it Up. damn it i did do, i thort it Right Out in my own head no one else could Of but no

this whineing unkal gorn and said i must of had it
Of some ones, as says he see one soe like it in the
comic. well hallylooger what is this comic, he
said it is a high clarse paper you would not know
it. well thanks i do not miss much if he is the
tipe as gorn in for it. as this joak were mine i
imphatickully say it was, i carnt help if some ones
else gorn and thort of it in addishuons to me. i
may say good for them they are brainier nor i
thort but dont these pursons as carnt give any
ones creddit for their own thorts fair sicken you
their brains must be Very Meeger. becose even
if i had of had it of any ones but i didant but what
of it if i done, it is a Furst Clarse joak they should
be thanksfull for me to of toled it, Mean Hoggs i
loath them but any ways i do not make up nise
joaks for their sake their is Plenty of Pursons as
can reckernise my socall genuous and give creddit
Where Dew. but not these tipes i thort i would
stop in the bed keep out of their cumpaneas long
as i could, but this gurl comes thump on the door
Sings out misses cohen whants to know wheather

you are getting Up for luntch it is one Erclock, but i been of to dreams land for a spell wakes Up says which em may i arsk. which she says beg pardum sur. damn it says which em, p or a, but these gurls is dense as dumpling i seen it were p em middel of day orl right says orl right what is for This Luntch. says it is near reddy, i thort o is it well i arnt. as sings out What is for it. kurry she said. tells her orl right no, ill give it a miss as if i am not misstook this kurry is a mear mush up of all the meets as was leaved on your plates isent it hells bells she didant anser you. which sings out says tell my ant orl right i sharnt be at this feed as go ahead gnor it up to a finish by their selves snor of to sleep thank christ. but wakes up tea times my ant send a messidge up says dont troubal to come down till supper—thinks to my selve well damn it do be reasonabull *i am hungry now*. as comes down they look at you Very Narstey but i thort well who is this peese of old horse flesh they are giving a feed to, as haves a husbund with it, This phemail haves

on one of these hudge storr hats as come in the ways of every thing but my ant said Very Stiff says may i interduse my nepphew, i thort you may but goddam it what is pressisively the ideer. as i am not mad struckque to arskt this hagg to come of on the sprea but parse her a Bun says have this Bun will you. no thank you she said i thort orl right god dam us dont, eat it my selve. but it were droring room orl right. soke Up this tea jor and jor i knows my ant and unkal tryes to shuve me out of it and whished i had not of come down till suppers but consiquinse i whont be shued out, gets torkativer and torkativer i whont stand it. as gorn on to these pollyticks my unkal arsk what of this voat for young whomans which he may not of arsk me but i toled him i said whang it do give the gurl a chanse, What do you think he said to this mumb husbund it is a scandel isent it. as mumbel up some thing but i carnt be ignord in this tipe of way. says on the contaries i Do Not Think So, Give the gurl a voat drat it she carnt bight you with it but this perrishing unkal

onley sneer at you, arsk this husbund if he thort it would come to sosherrlissums all these whomans voats well i said what of it. becose i knows he would loath these sosherrlissums i would my selve. durtey goverment spouting Up what you haves to do next, no chanse leaved for any ones as doesent whant to, but christ what a hudge improovemint to this set of joring hoggwashers as sit on their backsides in this parlerment now but any ways my unkal simpully didant anser you. which by gums this wouldant do, my nurve gorn fair on tiptows with loathsomeniss at him. as arsk this husbund if he reads what the burner shor ¹ said of It, says he is a dangurus tipe of man well christ i couldant stand it i said may i arsk what is this burner shor? no they wouldant anser i may say i gorn right out of pashinse i gorn all drye in my stummick says to them well cheer ohs, im of i haves to, gorn out haves a wet

¹ One assumes that *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* had been mentioned. Or had this been published?
—ED.

come in again they was aloan they didnt half mone at you, You really must have some manners william my ant said. we carnt arsk you if not. orl right thort to my selve i arnt likely to come Much More old hen, i may say i have had enuff i am full of gratitudes but this droring room cultervashon is so sickening stewpid i carnt do with it. full of swordid thorts i may be ruff but my brain fair teembs with bewtifull ideers. which this i may say is the trew sign of blew bloods and no goddam bilgewater bon swores.

Year nineteen 28 27 th april, i am in the bed still but i will turn out for this luntch then clear of i think, i am all to peeses.

sunday what a sye of releefs i drored, takes the cubunkal as ordinry. Nise and privit gorn and haves a bear or two stedly your nurve. as what a ordil i come out of but i may say i come out of it not a stain on your carrixter, i have i say it my selve but i have, my unkal and ant turns out the

narstiest tipe of anty poise apes i ever come On i knowed they would, and done it. as start of after this luntch onse more, arsk what i thort of this goverment he was tryeing to get At you i knowed it. but i onist was sickend tells him munkys could of done better nor it. which says do trye and be senserbull william arnt you intristed in the problims of the day says to whit what do you think of this unimploisement, well i toled him i said i trye not to think of it—says to you my dere buoy havant you no sense of risponserbillitties No i said i leaved that to the lords and co but if i was in their plase i could soon have some, alsoe brains Extrer. well in whose plase he sneered at you, says tell me some. orl right nothing easier says to whit lord george baldwins ramsy whinstun orl the ark bishups the poleese dewks in northumberland and co, not to Miss Out this lord william joyser Hick. as I said this lord is the Missing Link, i am afraid you are not quite so clevver as you think he said william. orl right says orl right i may not be but

that is not my opinuon no he said you young pupies always does think you are clevverer, oh does Us i said. he said mind what you say. says i done, i minds more what i said nor what you done, my ant said william how dare you. Keeps mumb she said how can you speek to your unkal like that. which retorts he begun it. no i didant he said. said you did no fairly rored my unkal. says yes. which my unkal gets Up foamb in the mouth sing out you insuluant young pupie when i says no i means no said orl right orl right which the same applye to me i fansy, *as when i says yes i means yes blarst it.* which murder that done it they come at you mutt and jeff, my ant screem out as this come of being nise to pursons as in the lower clarse. i fair sang out drowns her stewpid squork, sang out god dam it what are yourselve but a Perce made out of a Soughs Ear well christ the havvick as this trew states mint bring in its tracque. my unkal falled back in the seat i thort he would of blowed Up, my ant come over sint vitters danse fair

jibber. dam me i hears this angles voice. says i advise you clear of taplow. which says to my selve yes i think this advise is good orl right, my ant yowl and wrush at you but i fair done a bunk Up stare, grarsps my bagg nip down and of before they knowed whats What. god dam it i were obliged to be out of this never sor such Narstey Tempars in my hole live. as they may be blood rellertives but antypoise ape orl right they should be in the jungel. as treating their *loveing nepphew* in this tipe of way. fair surprises you. further mores it sickens you i think it is the most sickening thing i come up agains in years. i sharnt go Their again i may say, i shall go straight of this durtey toppick immeduate never come on it No More. no i whont, i gorn slap to the stashun porse onley for a wet i needid it, cort the night train comes down haves this feed for brekfust. damn it this feed fair made me mone to my selve i was so hungry i thort i would go in the fashionabel restarant and stoke Up. but furst gorn to the lavitry wash and brush up well

mersiful heavon i haves to pay Out even in this curuous tipe of plase. deval damn it carnt they loan you a mear coamb in the land of hopes and glory but No you pays for a peese of it in the installsment ideer similuar to your old pall mr dradge in the undergrounds, to whit, says it all come in a plain van but god blarst it i do not whish to say any more in regards to this tipe of manuac they fair sicken you as soe done these pears sopes and co, arsk if i have used it this morning No i may say. i havant nor damn the stough to purdishuons i arnt likely to. but i will pack up in regards to this i loath these big stiffs allways at you to get their bleeding prorjoose.¹ but gorn of, if i am not Good Enuff for this swurls restarant i should like to arsk who is? but i knowed they snigg at you but i fair shuve on my contemps fase, sornter in sits down and sing out stuard some vittals sill voo pleese. as shone them i were quite At Home i thort they looks

¹ This word certainly has an odd look, but, like most of the diarist's words, it yields up its secret on being spoken.—ED.

particklar stewpid Clarse of Tipe all feeding in these Stiff Up collers and co, says to my selve well it is old haggonbecks travailing surcus come to life onse agains which up come the stuard i frouned at him i did not like him. god damn it i whished i had not of come in this humb Bugg plase. but i thort i would have a regular blow Out when i were at it, studdies this peese of card bord with the feeds on it says to my selve Nothing Great but it will doe orl right but turn out to be the durtiest swindel i struckque in years. as seen haddicks porridge eggs kidgnees cold hams mackerills marmerlads tea cophee alsoe some more dainties and cost 4 bob. thort this is bon. says to the stuard i will tell you what i should like, do not go of and make a perrishing muck up of it, i should like a few sampels of the brekfust wrote in this card bord. says i do not wish to Go In for quite it all but start of porridge next some mackerills after this some eggs kidgnees backons i should alsoe insindentually like one of this so call omlicks which you can Throw

in a nise peese of Cold Ham if you wish to. no
he said i carnt, arsk what in hell as how carnt i.
he said you carnt have all this at onse. tells him
well damn it did i say all at onse i wish them to
come One after the Others, start whang of im-
meduate and no beet about the bush. but orl
right he said but it will cost more nor the ordinry
brekfust prise oh whill it i said, i may announse i
were getting angry becose if i am not good enuff
for this clarsey plase where is the mannidgemint
i will see it at Onse i were furuous. which i
knowed it, he fair clomb down of his perch make
out it is the tabulls dote as to blame. well god
damnit who is This Creecher i did not arsk him
but fix up to go in for 4 bobs wurth. but it
wasent wurth it not by a long chork i toled him it
wasent nor they should not of had this prise on
it but the hole country teembs with these sharks
never done a hands turn onley seen their old par
into the toomb. christ i do hope all this jor of
your sole being immortuall is trew. becose if it
isent is this narstey bloody rotten time i haves all

for nort, which viser verser may i arsk if i am to understand as these scumb as rooks you right and left will get clear of and no boddy bash them ? nor further mores, here i gorn on stand up for this moldey meeger country gainst all its adverseys, comes back what happon it snarl at you. well i were a heroe in the triumphual peese march every boddy thort so, i done my selve, as come from liverpool street god dam it this fashonabel swurl would of kiss your behind at a mear glanse so perrishing proud to be in the same breed of humans. But gorn over your monneys finds 3 quid to Go On with but if i was to announse this shamfull statesment in the street what would happon ? Up they come say christ how evers did you come bye all this. give us it Go On, if not the sollissingter will be shuve on your trackque without more adews. it is hard it onist is, wurse it is bloody sickening cruill. i do not like these pursons. no i do not i could tell them of proper but i sharnt troubal as what of my Presherse Time, see your gurl on the morrohs i do hope every

thing will parse of orl right. if not it should of,
i fully desserve it.

thort i would not go to day i onist will go but
not to day, i some hows feel i carnt. Why not,
damn nashuon why should i eggsplain every
thing haves a bear or two in the lion¹ i will
slumber of. but ps i thort of this gurl Would you
beleive it i thort of this gurl in boots cash
chemists she hornts me after all this lap of time.
ar goddam.

goes no hessitashins on the morrows mean
whiles fed Up to the back tooth this bounder is
Corseing Troubal again christ i will have it out.
but i am damnabully dissallusuoned with every
thing i allways was but more soe just now, i do
not know why. life is a frord but i will go on the
morrows if haves to one foot in the toomb. new
ressillisuons onley if i gets better *quick*, Not if not,
i wharn them If there is some angles lissening but
usyerally treets me Very Narstey and ignor.

¹ A public house, doubtless the Red, White, or Blue Lion.—ED.

damn it i am regular Down, hears a tapping in the night i think it is a spirritulist. they do do it. as takes my tempracher it is going Very Rappid to whit *bloody near braking point* a hundred and fifty degrees a minit some thing seruous look as if it is Up. but turns out i thort 6 oclock, been to the lion for some help in my troubal but god damn it not opan yet, your clock stop in the morning onley 5—Says on it made in england they should of kepted this mumb and better if poeple thort it come out of chzezko sluvakky. one more larst stror of this tipe and suinise for me orl right damn nashins who ever made this wurld it is nothing to bost of i would not my selve.

i am hornted some things is hornting me i herd this gost whang parst my ere, gorn about 5 knots comes in the winder then Out, it is one of these Dissimbowell Spirritullists orl right. to whit a mediumpter, mursey on us what if this is habberKuk angery at you for mucking about

with their name in vain, Orl right i whont say it
again's but keep Of will you. damn it wurse,
thinks suddin of this phemails inphant if this is
soe i am un Done proper.

i sor this gost larst night a tipe of White Beest
fair lugoobrush haves a cap Down over its fase
it look at you in the winder but i said christ what
haves we here, but it keeped mumb Not a Wurd.
but i gorn under the piller for a spell see if it
clear of when i come out, it done. but they do
put you Of i am not feeling up to any thing
Much, seen deaths door Very Close but haves a
glarse of rum mursey i do hope it whont vissit
you tonight but not the phemails inphant i
should be obliged.

thort i would do your selve up Knutty see the
gurl but come over thortful arsk what is luvē?
as if it mean turn out shave in this isy water it is
damnabully over raighted which drat the whoman.
i do not infur to my sweet hart i meaned this

land shark she is orl right but no hot water god
dam us life in this climb is intollabel. as wash
dress cold as a corp sun gorn on leave, down
come the rain Slips in the slush poleese brich of
promiss along come a new tipe of war before
whats What, goverment come down on you
fills up peese of paper state age berth-plase not
a seckind to corl your own, the bear gorn right
down fair cronnick. thinks i will see the gurl i
might marry her i carnt say i will see, as give up
all your hard urned monnes which why exept
magnmerimitty? and be of, turn over a leeve
and think your selve luckie if i am not done in.

turns out haves a bear or two prevuous to
proerbishuns come in, thort a lot in regards to
marridge what do they come to they do tye
you Up. god dam it i pitty a lot of these married
coupals, thinks darlings darlings before it come
of christ what a creecher after, Slave their life
out for this scumb to whit next thing divorce
and Degree Nixo, of on the sprea with a new tipe.

nor not struckque on these wedding serrimonuals, start of all these upjoisings comphitties promise to abay god damn us they are not a dog they whont. i know it. but away they gorn honney moons every thing nise as nise comes back consi-quinse if it is sosherl swurl a sharp burgler sit down haves a glanse threw the loacal wrag says to him selve damn my sole here is some things Wurth Whiles. to whit silver set of droring room knickque knackques travailing clock some oke anticks gold candel stick and co i will get them without more adews. summons their mate say get the jimmies pistils of they gorn if the poleese doesent cop them, Not orfen they are too bizzzy stopping me from a harms less lap, the burglary come of, comes back the Luve Burds hold up their hands say damn us god damn if it is not orl gorn and might never of been hooked up. well i could of toled them it. but they will do it, haves these inphants there is far too manney as it is, make of with the cash and no use to man or beest. well what of this marridge tap old buoy.

christ it dont look like it but i sharnt let this nise gurl down i sware i sharnt, hells bells she will be better of if i do not marry her i will think some more in these seruous questuons pres-sentively.

i did not feel particklar good health in the morning. carnt say why but some hows my throte feeled if it took up more room nor what it ort to of done. but my head were wurse my head fair horrybull. but carnt see why but i thort i would wait till all these diseases cleard of go out and have a whet i done it. as come in the bar they was haveing some songs thort orl right this is primb what if i doe some of this, gets up says orl right mates i knows a nise one nise roalling korus and oblige with it. but i start of but christ your brain let you down fair sick to death of it. stops, says hold on a minnit. i knows this song to do with a nise gurl nise qurly curls and a korall coler mouth nise qurly wringlits, lauff at you but i soon put them back in their plase. says i knowed it

backwurds. retorts to you yes but what of fruntwurds Orl right says hold on, hold up my hand Cummanding Jester. fair quiertined down this crew of stiffs i do whish i could of call it to mind. says one of the furst wurds rime with purnambuco wrackques my brain thort cuco duco gives the next two a miss then come guco luco jucko thort it might of been juco but carnt for the life of you call it Up nor i carnt now, says Orl right parse of and sang abie it gorn Down i may say. they luvud it but these two bits of stough come in shuve on the wireliss but onley a jor, turn it of and put a penny in the piannor. tipe as plays by their selve particklar clevver instermint save you all these so call pianerisks showing of, next thing haves a danse or soe but thinks these gurls is not the right tipe for luvve some hows, didant seem to of had enuff of this animule magnertissum. i gorn of, come in the bed by my selve. nothing Out of the Way, i done again and again. thort what of the gurl but i carnt go on haveing thorts mearly one phemail,

give us a chanse one at a time but how can you orl the time.

feeled in the converlassint stadge, thort i would take a stroall out see some Nachureal Histeries to whit nise corns rose and cetra chear you up no end in this stadge i do not know why. as come in the tram hop of and gorn along the road. god damn it there is no corns here onley a stewpid tipe of long grarse, green no yeller in site, but heres the nighty gail and cocko sang in my ear i liked it orl right but feeled dam thurstey gorn in a publick haves some bear. says to the chap hows the aggriculter tells you this wheather aynt no good for any thing said no i thort so, lap up your bear and gorn out. i knowed it, the hole plase going rappid in wrackque and ruins, should of like a nise spot my selve have a publick some chick hens a tipe of cow but these cows do moo at you, any ways these nachureal histeries gets on my nurve Quick. damn it there is no wheres to turn i will clear of out of this country i

think. which what of the gurl my immagina-
tuons isent rappid enuff tonight—will say in
regards to her when my brain is more on the
Muve.

what is the date i loose it, thorts running on
this marridge toppicks like i do not know what.
particklar privit, but if this Gnoring Voise of
Conshus fansies i shall pipe down for it hell this
gnoring voise better clear of Out. my will
powers whont put up with it to whit as follohs,
no claps trap i do not like the ideer. one thing
a nise gurl is orl right hoosh hoosh as they say,
not a Wurd but orl right no fuzz come and go
rappid we all knows what i mean, luve and co. i
sharnt say any more i am too bleeding fastiduous
but this marridge bed is cold as charrities.
orl right orl right i knows i knows what i am
torking of, no need to ingkroch any more, clear of
voise of conshus Not another Wurd.¹ but exept

¹ I imagine Mr. Taplow is quite right in saying here that "We all know what I mean," though plainly his remarks are aimed at no one but the voice of conscience itself.—I.D.

namely gets fair sickend in the furst plase dew to the questuon of these beds clows, famillerarritties breeds contemps orl right they fair ignor you in the bed they whant all of it. but they carnt have it *not if i happon to be any wheres around* but goddamn it no hippo critikissum you carnt get a deasunt nights wrest. as whang out with their foot gorn right of with the piller next thing sing out mursey the burgillers have come down on us away you goes corling in the artick cold and look for a mach. but catch it, they dont hornt the marridge chambure. damn it i know too much of this Cunubbual Bliss this is getting seruous.

may ten, turns out add up the monnies finds i am good for a wet or two still, done it and come back in the bed. i am done Up.

gorn of haves a good feed of livver a nise tipe of meet, next seen this fairly old pall in the lion namely bob tomson. haves a freindley lap what

next. humans natchure, layed bear your sole he tells you tap be wairs of whomans. says jimimers give us some advise i didnt know, i been it sinse i were in swaddelling kit. he said it look it dont it, what of this dorter you said in regards to. retorts god damn it dont bring that Up at me i toled him in confiduanse. as should of said imphatick it isent mine any ways but i didnt call to mind to, Orl right he said let that parse i should advise you to dror up a list of prose and kon. says no good i am Out of them just now. but i shouldant of. as turn out nothing you can lay hands on, merely a tipe of finding if it is nise or narstey. some pursons do seem to go in for a lot of unnessary wurds says every thing all round the cumpass prevuous to they come at it, to whit these loryers. but said orl right comes back i am droring it Up now i knows how i will do it, This is it namely this list i thort of.

NARSTEY

furst i do not like the ideer
 next feels i would be cort
 further Mores i knows i might
 meet a niser one immeduate
 damn it you Do
 next narstey i onist carnt stum-
 mack inphants
 what of this nise gurl a old hagg
 haves to pay Out
 same old tipe of fase it would
 sickern you
 next, mar in lor
 larst narstey damn it this nise
 gurl would inter lope at you
 arsk where i been give us a
 chanse i couldant have this
 no i may say Flat i will clear
 right Of.

NISE

but this gurl struckque to
 what of it ?
 not as bewtifull as some but
 what of her sole. i carnt
 call it to mind
 says it is yours i denye it
 old my selve
 no beet about the bush i haves to
 old acquaintanse sake. well
 some likes it i dont
 i do not like her i carnt stand her
 larst nise i should i onist should
 i would be drove to it

orl right what does i do now i carnt see it is any
 use onley about as handy as a vissiting card i
 will ink wire Of him.

comes to with a whang, thinks hark the herrald
angles what is this hollobaloo finds it is
onley old Clairer But yardilling at you, says
do you whant a feed it is five pee Em. says
what of. haddick, says orl right, haves it. i
thort one of these intimits as haves the cubunkal
next me is the spit of lord joyser Hick but no it
carnt be but i must be cair full they doe get at
you but gorn to the lion says i made Up this prose
and kon what next. he said well which come of
best. tells him haves a suspishuon but damn it
give the gurl a chanse, orl right he said subbtrack
the littlist from the biggist. says i carnt they are
the same nomber. god dam he said. which i
thort it too. he says they should not of been,
gorn on says i knows where they are takeing On
up to next fryeday what of it old cock. no i said.
as no i am dutty bound. orl right he said but
i am of, it is cape town. thinks get the behinds
me sattin, haves a wet comes back and thort and
thort. which what are you to do goddam twise i
am riddelled with tipes of good and eval Nor i

carnt do these mathermatticks they whont subbtrack as how can they. well damn this it is like solloman divide up the nipper, offers the best hauf to this whoman. Tells him give us a chanse hauf a nipper is noe use to me and proove it is hers orl right, you do need to have your whits about you with these phemails you do in Deeds.

sundy i didant turn out as mursey what For i havant time to and thinking like i do not know What.

Munday i feeled in my pocquit thinks this monney gorn down shocking rappid i onist must coyern some more but gorn in the shop perchiss the gurl this nise photto holder, Very Minicher but nise nise hang round their neck and shut right up with a Snap. god damn them but they took near 5 bobs of me for it but i would have it, i should of send this Snap of me smileing in my nise cap in it but some hows i do not like this Snap. damn it who would credit but i onist

look allmost quite a tipe of manuac In it. you do i think, i notise it wurse in my rellertives they looks fair barmy in these Snaps. but trew to life some of them but not me i fansy, it is some thing in the camerer make you look looney but better nor this droring i must say. as mursey on us they do make a hasuP of it. as calls to mind gorn in these natuonal galleries seen these fat whomans shuveing thier fases at you. thinks well i whips my hat right Of to the purson as invented the camerer. becose onist these fixed pixtures is too like a corp for yours trully and gorn of to the moveing ones neck and Crops. well i have tryed this artistrick stough my selve i should say soe, i can do it i am neet at it but nothing in it. no bon it is a mere fake. as in standurd 3 drors a hen they learn you to do it if it stand and look arcross the road but not if it turn its fase and look At you, damn it what use is this, orfen these hens stair at you fair get on your nerve and carnt dror them. but i am artistrick orl right but i mearly knows it is No Bon as seen this advertissmint says High

Clarke droring tort in the post, send 5 bobs the result will surprise you well hoop lar blarst them i done it, it did. says please send a quid start right Of. christ didnt i get angry thort honney swore quee mally pounse orl right, they has pounsed on you this time tap old cock. writes immeduete says send them 5 bobs back post hist or look out for your selve no anser not a Wurd. which i may say this is the tipe these artistrick pursons is, writes twice i done says blarst your durtey soles please send these 5 bobs rturn of post call your selve artistrick does you well hay presso i haves More in my bottum goddamm you and Finish. never hears a Wurd. orl right i sharnt send aney portrit i am sick of the hole toppick but i will send this nise lockit tell the gurl i luv here derely i do i think, if not i ort to. but do not dispair i am of to make some moneys come back a offiser or Some thing Far Clarsier. well no hatch out of eggs in the mean whiles but i may say Watch will P taplow but it is orl right i would of sor her onley i do loath these fond fair Wells.

which this letter will do the trick orl right god damn it what more do they whant i will cumposs it to whit. as this is it, derest nise edie cheerohs it is Me orl right But i would of sor you but i am soe bizzy but orl to the best old gurl, Hopes this nise lockit i bort will Soot. as fair close up with a Snap, i am Of now as haves to. but i shall come back, monney and cetra. Fix up every thing Furst Clarse, hopes you are all Primb which kind regards to the mar in lor dittoe nipper, never fear i will see it gets brort Up Clarsey eddercatted and co Whosever It Might Of Belong To, no offense but any ways i sharnt let you Down yours trully affexinit loveing willey i must corl a horlt i hears the bosuns pipe which dutty corls. orl right orl right i know Not pressisively Trew to the larst wurd but god dam it i do wish this voise would mind its own durtey bizniss didant i say so prevuous. but what do it cair *they are scumbs these voise of consbus* i will ignor it in futures copyy this nise letter in a nise peese of paper and send Of. orl right thank christ i done with this

mornfull toppick to my Thurer Sattissfackshurn i have gorn on to some thorts in regards to this heavenley boots gurl o why did i go of So Quick. damn it what a prise full, i do beleive she is the darling of your Very Hart as been waiting for all these dreerie dissmul days of my empteey live. hell i am in agoneese i think she sor it in my eye Right Of, what if she is pinning aways same as me damn it there is such a thing as Siarmeese Twin Soles no boddy carnt blame me if i belong to this clarse, i do i know i do.

damn old tuseday spells it different in the callinder to what i done i notise. orl right have their own way, littil things pleese littil minds we All Knows but i carnt disskuss this subjick and waist my proper furst clarse thorts they are immortuall to a large Extant.

wedendsday sor old tomsun says well are you still feeling soppie tells him go of to hell and get some of his sorse dryed up Who is soppie.

well what of this gurl he said, anwers may i arsk
do you insinerate to me as i am subjick to whomans
whiles, orl right keep your hare on he said. i said
keep yours and might of been a regular war on
onley in come the old wireliss, starts of with a
whang or i do not know what might of happoned
i carnt be insullatted in this tipe of way i whont
stand it. but thinks i am soppie do he, orl
right we shall see. they carnt come it over me i
sharnt minse boans another instint, go straight of
turn over a furst clarse new leaf come out in
gold braids, slap up skipper or Clarsier for ever he
knowed where he are. but mursey on us doesent
this wireliss fair yowl at you. as sits in the bar
all points of the cumpuss togeather it is a new tipe
i think but still the old jor i notise, to whit this
moneing voise whang in on you in regards to the
habbits of these tumattows god dam it these
tumattows do not come in my live i am beyonds
them i do not cair what they done. but i may
say luckie for this bob tomson next thing he will
find he has bit of more nor he can chue as onse i

gets going i Do go. well i have Gurd up my
Lions orl right this time good nights all but
onley for the nonsy i¹

thursday orl right pack Up, never hessitatted,
sign on with a whang i did surprise him. which
now he knows. but jimimer this is a narstey
foxle some things must of dyed in it in the antick
ages and forgets to crorl in the toomb further
mores i do not like the bosun his fase is Wrong
and wurk you of your foot all reddy, well Steaddy
Up what do this signifye as càrnt they do things
desent and gradule, this is suspishus there is some
things i do not like At Orl in regards to it. no i
carnt say i likes this ship i am beginning to loath
it like poysun damn it any ones would, as sails at
dorn god blarst it this dorn is the time every
thing wurst happons at, there should be a lor and
stop it. no lite, nothing. time i were in the
saloons for a change.

¹ Evidently the diarist was interrupted here: perhaps by his
landlady or one of the other lodgers.—ED.

sat. gorn of yesterdays thort well good byes
england home bewty and co not much of this tipe
of stough In it, i am sick in hart i do not know
why nor carnt even gnor my 'feeds proper, well
hay jerrooselums who could it is bullshit.

sundy god abuve they do mone at you. gnagg
gnagg this mate and co, they do not seem to of
grarsped the Simpull Trooth as all their littil
jorings comes to nort as What is the humans
raise? namely a mear footprink in the sands of
time and come out in the wash next thing along
sornter a new tipe of creecher says to it selve har !
as what haves we here. which bless us if this is
not a rellick of one of these orfull humans as use
to be about the plase similuar to one of these socall
dinningsurs but narstier damn it yes by a long
chork. orl right i knows what i am torking of,
this creecher might be a angle but it might be
a tipe of flyeing Fish come from one of these
stars you carnt tell. but it will have the lauff orl
right say to it selve well cheerohs humans nacher

a tipe of flood come and done you in proper this time i notise. as this mate says to you make that boat farst proper, well how can you, i done it i carnt go On at it. but along come this creecher as prevuous, no nise nore to go in a ark and shuve this duve out see if every thing is Orl right. no by christ. which of gorn this tipe of Fish but it might of been a repstle but any ways come on a so call phozzil hold up its hand sing out Well Hosanner. as do they mean to tell me this tipe thort it were Orl Right? god dam ixcuse me if i lauff as har har har, gorn right of in a sterrick fit look at it What a fase. says well thank heaven for this nise flood and gorn of, This fase might of been this mates fase how can you tell but it might be wurse nor a flood it might be a shere blow Up but i knows it will come Of. as this carnt go On. no it onist carnt these Humb Buggs increese and multerplyes too Rappid nise providense whont stand it, i may announse as Larst Stror i am not in good health my tempracher is of on the run again alsoe my throte if my privit blew silk mufflar had

not of been Done Down Durtey this would not of.
orl right shuve the book in my ditty box and turn
in, no appreeshuashons every pursons hand agains
you consiquinse i am Fed up with muck anyone
would be.

saturday no time to corl your own onley asleep,
and hornted by these damnabull gosts i will dror
up some statesments on the morrohs. Well do it
now, christ i wish these uplifts swobs would
come in my plase for a minit.

sunday sit down at the tabull back to the worl
and keep these spyes of with some of this dammed
magnetick pursonallitties. hell i need it, i will
have to give this dutty-call a miss but been in
harver gorn ashores and come of with this rum
christ i needs this too. but brort of suxessfull
in spight these sneeking swines, haves a nip when
you are feeling loanley mornfull aking all at onse
wurk of your head and foot no boddy nise. what
is this hell. dont arsk me i knows too much, it

is similuar to your live in this plannit onley twice as much. i loath this bosun i am right up in the horns of this dillemming no boddy nise. as haves to have this nip christ mersey on poor taplow cock as what of him. no nise gurl gorn and leaved two but which is which. orl right i know she is nise she is a dere nise gurl i will go right back i wish i had not of gorn of without i sor her dam it damn it this voise of consherse is at me Some Thing Ferefull, keep of sickening voise i wharn you. i do not cair any ways i do not cair for it, a mear triphul i happon to be wrything in this differint specuous of throws ar goddam i am so perrishing misserabel i carnt hardley go this pensil along as this pensil the padge. but dutty corl larst breth i am a heroe no booddy awair. ar nise Boots Gurl Cash Chemist which right in my hart i feels it gnoring at me i shall parse away of it i know i shall. god dam twice i am in aggonees no beet about the bush i am pashinitively attach to her, christ who wouldant be. i luve her i wurship her ar goddamm. straight

strike me to nort this tormint is intollabull no boddies could of stud it onley me ar hallylooger what a figger, orl come back on you like a onyon i luv to extrackshun i would give up my sole christ i would Go On the Water Waggon To Internitty onley have her in your arm. as mad manuac why didant i press my soot no seckinds chanse in luv god dam hell bon swores i am going rappid of my head and sor the door of the infurnall furniss gathering rounds to do me in. it will, fair shocking full of wholwing surpant Orl right steady Up what of it, whang them. says come on. says orl right my back agains the worl low down hoggs come on. i am reddy orl right hallylooger i am a mach twice over they carnt find forlts i am on the war parth niser nor any of these stiffs. i am i know it but done out of all my nise happyniss sink in the grave Yards by my selve. god dam tompsun. I say god dam this tompsun i challidge him. no hokey pokey i challingde the hole sheething mass of scumbs i come in contack with. go on trye

and tell me of, see what happon. trye it trye it
say i am no good not nise not furst clarse best
ever, see what come of it. eddercatted be
b——d i am fit to be a angle right Of, i whont
stand it i carnt be shuded down i will rise up in
my rorth onley if i do not pin of into a shadder
if i do not pin of dew to lue Not me but i might
of easy but god dam i sharnt.







